

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

JUNE, 1888.

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## *English Art in 1888.*

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### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT is almost a truism to say that the social and moral condition of a nation, or at all events of its upper classes of society, may be judged from the condition of art quite as well as of literature. Yet art places before us a different aspect of its tastes and pleasures, likes and dislikes, aspirations and enjoyments, from that which literature discloses. In literature, what is most obvious to our gaze is the intellectual pursuits and favourite subjects of study, as well as the moral standard as evidenced by lighter literature, and, after this, the amount of enterprise existing in a nation, the sort of men whom it delights to honour, the sciences most highly developed, and a long string of kindred topics. In art, on the other hand, intellectual life is subordinate to taste and feeling. The æsthetic condition of a people is uppermost in pictures and statuary, and closely connected with this, religion, morality, civilization, and wealth are portrayed with unmistakeable distinctness in its picture-galleries.

We are going to apply this to our English picture-galleries. The paintings in them are a very reliable indication of the public taste. Painters always choose the subjects that they know will be generally popular. There may be exceptions here and there, and the true artist will consult the bent of his genius first and the bent of public taste afterwards, and long afterwards. But true artists are but rare, if we mean by a true artist one to whom his art is everything, and the profit to be derived from it a matter of comparative indifference. The great mass of artists, even of men of first-rate talent, paint for money. What other reason can there be for so many portraits (often of very commonplace men and women), painted too by the most celebrated artists, if it be not that they practise what the Greeks would have called *τέχνη βάνανσος*—a vulgar money-getting art—if not an actual prostitution of the Divine art of painting?

Our picture-galleries, therefore, represent in great measure the kind of picture that the wealthy Englishman (and American, too, for the matter of that, for Americans are large buyers of European pictures) likes to see on the walls of his house or gathered together in his private collection. If the class of buyers are men of high ideals, the pictures will be ideal, or, at all events, will make the attempt to idealize; if they are men of strong religious feeling, there will be a religious tone throughout the galleries; if they are lovers of scenery, there will be many fair scenes of earth and sea and sky; if they are warlike, we shall have many battle pieces; if sensually minded, there will be much that is sensuous; if they have vulgar tastes, there will be a tone of vulgarity in the pictures of their era; if they have strong domestic affections, there will be plenty of home scenes; and so on *ad infinitum*.

We propose, in our present article, to consider first of all what class of pictures preponderates in this year's Exhibition, and whether there is any other class conspicuous for its absence. Then we shall briefly survey the chief Catholic pictures and those dealing with sacred subjects. We shall notice as we pass a few of the most striking pictures to which the visitor and critic alike turn instinctively as the leading pictures of the year and giving a tone to the whole Exhibition. We shall not attempt to go through the pictures in detail, or to follow the ordinary course pursued by reviews and newspapers. Of such individual criticism there is enough and to spare. Our aim is to interest those of our readers who have not seen and will not see the London galleries of the present year, as well as those who have an opportunity of visiting them. We look at the art of 1888 from a Catholic point of view (using the word in its double sense), and to draw general conclusions from the collection gathered together in Burlington House, and elsewhere.

That the Royal Academy comes first among our exhibitions, I think undeniable. The Grosvenor Gallery, and its more recent competitor, the New Gallery in Regent Street, are indeed formidable competitors, but the Academy has the advantage of a respectable age—of an age that ensures respectability. In it we see reflected the general average of educated and refined English taste. The British public would be surprised to see there what would be considered quite admissible at other exhibitions, just as they would be surprised to see in the *Times* details of law reports that some of the

penny papers publish at length. Whatever is good in English society will make itself seen at the Academy. The "seamy side" will be kept out of sight as far as may be. We see the picture-admiring public at their best within its walls, just as we see the novel-reading public at their best in Mudie's Library or at W. H. Smith's Railway stalls, in that these eminently respectable firms exclude anything notably offensive to propriety.

What is the feature that strikes most forcibly the thoughtful visitor to this year's Academy? The collection is decidedly above the average, this is generally agreed upon. The number of pictures sent was enormously large, near ten thousand, as opposed to three thousand twenty years since, and the average standard from an artistic point of view is undeniably excellent. It is not to this that we refer, but to the style of picture itself predominant. Here we notice two things. First of all the large proportion of landscapes and sea pieces, especially of the latter, and the wonderful beauty of many of them. This has for many years been noticeable in all English exhibitions. There is always a preponderance of scenery, pointing to a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature. It is a result in great measure of our climate, and also of our city life. A Neapolitan, who basks in the delicious sunlight half the year, ceases to appreciate it. *Ex consuetis non fit passio*—no one is moved by what is to him a common phase of daily life. It is the Northerner, with his dull monochrome of tint, who is roused to enthusiasm by the transparent clearness of an Italian sky. The dweller in the Bernese Oberland thinks the Strand or Cheapside more beautiful than the glories of nature amid which he dwells. It is the contrast to what he is used to, the unaccustomed beauties revealing themselves to him even in a London street, which rouse him to an enthusiasm which astonishes and appals us. It is the same law of human nature that makes the dweller in the large city so ardent a lover of the quiet beauties of field and forest, of lea and lake. How many a Londoner, amid his strange attachment to his smoky, murky city, nevertheless cherishes in his breast a continual source of pleasure in the remembrance of the soft sweetness of the rural scenes where he spends each year a few happy weeks, whether it be amid forest glade and by the side of purling brook, or amid snow-capped peaks and wild ravines, or on the ever-changing bosom of many-dimpled ocean, with her alternate

attractiveness of soothing peacefulness and stormy wrath. The continuous growth of our cities has curiously enough heightened our appreciation of the beauties of nature. Every year we have more sea pieces and more landscapes. This year we have them perhaps *usque ad superabundantiam*, if anything so beautiful as good sea pieces can ever be superabundant in number.

We would invite the visitor to the Academy to admire with us a few of these. We will take the landscapes first, and prominent among them, before all the rest, comes Mr. J. E. Millais' "Murtley Moor, Perthshire" (292). Mr. Millais is, we think, wise to throw his strength into the subject, where he is specially strong. In the picture of which we are speaking, the combination of colours is exquisite. The yellow reeds mingled with the reflecting water in the foreground of the picture, is set off by a strip of red heather behind, and a line of dark fir-trees forming a most telling background, while in the distance the mountain, with its shadow and sunlight alternating and the grey expanse of sky above broken by a flock of wild geese—compose a scene of surpassing beauty, and all the more beautiful because, quiet and almost ordinary as is the landscape, it nevertheless compels our attention to it as a whole and the varied elements that compose it, and its soft and subdued colour give it a natural simplicity that forces even the casual spectator to an admiration for which he cannot account. In very marked contrast to Mr. Millais' picture is Mr. Brett's "Rising of the Dusk" (380), which is eminently sensational, in that it puts before us not a more or less familiar scene like Murtley Moor, but one of those rare and striking effects that most men do not witness more than once in a lifetime. Yet it has in common with it a most skilful choice of contrasting colours. The ruddy sunset in the sky is set off to great advantage by the blue hills in the background, and they in their turn by the thick grey mist that hangs over the green sea, while in front of the picture the rocks and sand are a sort of counterpart to the water and the reeds of Millais' picture. One exception of detail alone we would take—it is not easy to discern by one's unaided sight what is the dark substance scattered over the grey rock. Is it seaweed or mussels, or both combined? Another charming sea piece, for sea piece we suppose it must be called, is Mr. Leader's "Sands of Aberdovey," (421). All who are familiar with the Welsh coast will recognize the vegetation which covers those sandy wastes, as well as the greyness of the hills that stretch away to the south beyond Aberystwith.

But we must notice one or two of the sea pieces proper, where there is sea and scarce ought else. Mr. Moore's "Nearing the Needles" (62), gives us a better idea of what the Romans meant by the "purpureum mare" than we ever had before from a picture. The sea is literally purple, that rich blue-purple that is only seen when the dark overhanging clouds are beginning to clear away after a storm, a purple whose richness is all the deeper against the snowy crests of the waves, and still more against the bright sunlight on the white cliffs in the distance, telling of approaching tranquillity for the angry and troubled waters. For a charming bit of sunny sea, where the waves seem to ripple under our very eyes, we would turn our reader's attention to the same artist's "Westward" (195), though we must confess that in this picture the sky does not please us altogether. Two other sea pieces and we have done. We never saw the seething water more faithfully represented than in Mr. Shaw's "The Tide-race," (202). The waves seem to curl and the foam gathers as we watch it, and we almost expect to hear it hissing in our ears. The colour of the water, too, the bottle-green of a summer day is quite as real as the purple of Mr. Moore's picture. Another picture, Mr. Holst's "Atlantic roll," (528), is equally effective in reproducing the mingled foam and water breaking on the rocks while it has a special beauty of its own in the hollowness of the arching wave, as it curls over with its crested edge.

But we must forbear from further notice of pictures in detail. Our object is to bring out the lessons of the Academy as a whole, one of which is the intense perception of natural beauty that exists among us, and especially of the beauties of the sea; perhaps above all, of the wild magnificence of the stormy sea. It pleases our activity, and gives a sense of power and energy to the ocean which is wanting in smooth waters basking under the voluptuous sunlight. But we notice another feature far less satisfactory, one indeed that we can never sufficiently regret. The keen appreciation of natural beauty seems to be accompanied with an utter absence of any power to reach a high ideal. We do not mean a high standard of painting, but a high ideal of art. There are scarcely a dozen pictures that raise the thoughts of the spectator above the material world. The general character of the whole is that it is "of the earth earthy." We do not refer to the absence of sacred art, of which we shall speak presently, but to the lack of pictures that appeal to the



heart and affections, that set the mind a-thinking, and that tell a tale that move to pity or sympathy, or to emotions of generosity, chivalry, or noble indignation, or virtuous admiration or well-directed love. Even the historical pictures either have no tale to tell or do not tell it well, leaving the spectator in doubt, or else indicate clearly enough that what was primarily present to the mind of the painter was not the idea that the scene calls forth, but the picturesque admixture of colour, or a striking contrast of light and shade, or some other mere material beauty for which the scene furnishes a good excuse and to which it is wholly subordinate.

Instances in point are Mr. Alma Tadema's "Roses of Heliogabalus" (298), the President's "Andromache Captive" (227), Mr. Goodall's "Bathsheba before Solomon," a picture in several respects objectionable, and another picture altogether inferior to them in every way, Mr. Schmalz's "Christianæ ad Leones." Of these the two first are the most prominent and the most powerful historical pictures of the Academy, yet they are both of them lamentably deficient in their conception. Mr. Alma Tadema's picture represents the Emperor Heliogabalus sitting at a banquet with a number of guests around him; a small group, of which he is the centre, are seated at a small table on a raised dais; the rest are on a lower level in front of the picture. From an awning over their head there is falling upon the latter a shower of innumerable rose leaves, and gradually overwhelming them by its continuous downpour. Already there appear above the sea of roses, here a head and shoulders, and there a jewel bedecked neck or arm. Soldiers, senators, fair women appear mingled together beneath the smothering mass gradually accumulating around them, while the Emperor and his select circle look on with evident amusement at the scene. What does it all mean? Is it a mere bit of fun, understood as such by those on whom the foolish jest is being played? or is it a luminous form of suffocation that the tyrant is recklessly inflicting on his unhappy guests? History points to the latter at all events in some instances,<sup>1</sup> but on the faces of those who are being

<sup>1</sup> The words of Ælianus Lampridius (in *Vita Heliogabali*), from whom the story is taken, are as follows: "Oppressit (Heliogabalus) in tricliniis versatilibus parasitos suos violis et floribus, sic ut animam aliqui efflaverint, quum erepere (*v. l. eripi*) non possent." Here there is no mention of *rose leaves*—violets are the only flowers specially noticed. The flowers seem to have been poured, not from an awning as represented in the picture, but from the dining-room ceiling, which probably had sliding panels, for this seems to be the meaning of *triclinia versatilia*.



swallowed up in the sea of roses there is no trace of any dread of their impending fate. It is hard to say what their faces express. The women seem to think it a good bit of fun, and a dignified-looking personage on the right seems to regard it as rather a foolish joke. But the whole picture represents a scene either utterly silly, or worthy in its cruelty of the precocious young monster who disgraced the throne by every kind of enormity for the four years of his teens, but happily was killed before he was twenty. To paint such a scene is unworthy of a great painter: it is obviously painted for the sake of the colouring. This mere material excellence is a triumph, it is true, of the mimetic art. The painting of the marble is exquisite, and every detail of costume is finished with the greatest accuracy. But such art as this, however beautiful, is unworthy of being the highest efforts of the genius of one endowed with a spiritual and intellectual soul. Yet, alas for our modern taste! this picture, with its gaudy colours and low aim, is said to have been sold for £5,000 to some lover of red and white on canvas.

The picture of *Andromache in captivity*, by Sir Frederick Leighton (227), aims somewhat higher. The fond spouse of Hector, now wedded by force to Pyrrhus, goes with the maidens of Greece to draw water in her captivity at the fountain. They, gay and careless, talk and laugh in wanton merriment; she, sad and pensive, stands among them like a mourner at the feast. Here was a magnificent opportunity for the painter; in *Andromache's* face what a world of emotion might have been—the yearning love of her hero lost, the wistful memories of the past, contempt for the thoughtless young creatures around her, disgust and hatred of him who had made her his unwilling spouse—ought to have appeared in the face of the captive Trojan dame! Yet there is nothing of all this. A very ordinary young woman, dressed in black, with a pensive, downcast look, is the very poor conception set before the public by the President of the Academy for their admiration. But perhaps this is scarcely just. It is not to the central figure in the picture that the attention of the spectator is chiefly drawn. It is rather to the well-grouped maidens, stalwart men, and half-naked children who, in graceful attitudes, are drawing water at the spring or carrying their pitchers to and fro. *Andromache* is only a set-off to them. The pathos of her captive sorrow and fond regrets disappears in the bright and picturesque scene, taken as a whole.

Of the last picture in the group, "*Christianæ ad Leones*,"

we need not say much. If the artist chose Christian women, rather than Christian men, for the subject of his picture, he ought to have done so in order that he might have the opportunity of bringing out the supernatural courage that poor weak women displayed under their cruel torments—the joyous willingness to die, the fortitude which had been beyond their strength had not God endowed them with supernatural heroism. He ought to have made the most of their power to realize the unseen, of their forgetfulness of self, of their indifference to the bloodthirsty crowd, save that their Christian modesty shrank from the public gaze. If there is a scene which is nothing unless it is idealized, it is such a scene as this. Yet there is nothing ideal in it, nothing lofty, nothing that raises the thoughts to Heaven, nothing to let us know that these are Christian martyrs, not criminals justly condemned to die. It is a pitiful thing to see such a degradation of a glorious subject. It might have been painted by one of the heathen spectators: even then we should have said that he was a man of poor perceptions and second-rate talents.

But there is at least one signal exception to the absence of pictures which stir our higher emotions. Mr. Orchardson, in the last two Exhibitions, had wonderful pictures, telling a tale sad, but too often true, of an ill-assorted alliance, with its consequence of unhappiness. Both the pictures were exquisitely painted, but the subject was not altogether a pleasant one. This year he has chosen a subject of a far higher order. A middle-aged man seated in his arm-chair in the evening, is listening to his daughter, who is seated at the piano, singing. As he listens to her voice, it recalls to him the sweet and tender memories of the past. It is "Her mother's voice" (286) ringing out in familiar notes, calling back hours of unmingled happiness in the past, and he sees before him the image of her whom he loved more dearly than life itself. The mingled joy and sorrow, the melancholy satisfaction, the bitter regret, the fond remembrance that arise within him as he listens, are expressed with great skill. The emotional effect is the greater because the girl is an ordinary sort of young lady, as if the painter would convey that her notes too are in themselves ordinary enough, and that it is the law of association that gives them their touching pathos. Such a picture as this appeals to almost all. There are few even among the young who have not had some experience of the painful pleasure they have felt when some sight or sound

called back the loving remembrance of mother, it may be, or father, or favourite brother or sister, or faithful friend, or darling child, torn away by the cruel hand of death. As we look at the poor old man, we forget the rest of the picture—the exquisite drawing of the carpet, the truthfulness of light and shade, the careful attention to every little detail. All this is quite subordinate, and Mr. Orchardson does not, like too many of his fellow artists, thrust it forward with gaudy prominence. But it would be unjust to him not to direct the reader's attention to it. When he has satisfied his interest on the central figure, he must not forget to examine the beauty of the painting of the material objects around.

This is not the only picture which is really pathetic and kindles our sympathy and pity. Mr. Frank Bramley's "Hopeless Dawn" (351) represents an aged mother and young girl watching in speechless sorrow through the long night. The son and husband is absent in his little fishing-boat, and the sudden storm has risen, and these poor heart-broken women are left alone. Their attitude tells the tale: the seething waters that can be seen through the casement, while the candle flickering in the socket at the same time shows how they are absorbed in the bitterness of their sorrow, and is painfully symbolical of their loss. The details of the picture are most carefully planned, and true to the life—the snow white cloth, the loaf of bread, cups, jugs, and plates have all their own beauty, while at the same time they are quite subordinate to the story that the scene as a whole is meant to convey.

Another no less mournful scene is Mr. Percy Craft's "Vacant Chair" (100), illustrated by the lines:

What is home without a mother?  
What are all the joys we meet,  
When her loving smile no longer  
Greets the coming of our feet?

Here, too, there is the same carefulness of detail and the same bearing of all the adjuncts of the scene as the sad gap in the little household. The poor rough man's dazed look of sorrow, the eldest girl's attempt to fill her mother's place, cutting with childish hand the big loaf of bread, while her little brother by her side eats away unconscious of his loss, and the baby in the cradle, remind us how desolate is the motherless home.

In these three pictures we have what we regard as the true

artistic subordination of the material to the moral and spiritual. What we complain of in some of our leading artists, is that they not only have little power of idealizing, but that in historic scenes, where there is real pathos and where the mere reproduction of the reality would rouse our emotions, we find ourselves distracted by material details which ought to be directed to the central idea of the picture, but instead of this are (contrary, we venture to think, to the rules of true art) so elaborated and brought into prominence that they obscure, instead of illustrating, the story that is meant to be told on the canvas, and are apparently so prominent in the mind of the painter that we are forced to believe that he paints them for their own sake, and means the spectator to admire them for their own sake as a triumph of decorative skill. In a picture of flowers and fruit, or any still life, or a landscape or sea piece, this is legitimate enough within certain bounds, but not in a scene where human action or passion is supposed to be the subject.

Another picture against which we should be inclined to bring a similar charge is Mr. Solomons' "Niobe" (712). The subject is a splendid one, and if only a painter who had the same genius in his pencil that Ovid possessed in his pen of word-painting were to treat it, it would indeed be a picture worthy of immortality. Many of our readers will be familiar with the wonderful passage from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The story of Niobe's pride, her appeal to the Theban women to honour her instead of Latona, the indignation of the goddess, and the destruction one after another of Niobe's children, first the sons and then the daughters, are told with a graphic power that the pencil would find it hard to surpass. Mr. Solomons, with all the advantage of appealing to the eye rather than to the ear, certainly is far from coming near the poet in his delineation of it. The mixture of pride yet unconquered, and desolate despair at the sight of her children dead and dying around is well portrayed, but there is an absence of pathos in the scene. Niobe is represented as coming down the steps of the temple where she had impiously challenged Latona, carrying in her arms the body of the youngest. On either side her children are scattered, some lying dead (and we must confess one of them in a most ungraceful attitude), while others crouch around, not yet stricken by the arrows of the deities. There is little to tell the story, and it would have greatly promoted the spectator's appreciation of the picture if a short description had been appended, or

the lines of Ovid quoted;<sup>2</sup> for certainly unless he were very familiar indeed with the classical story, he would find it hard to read it in the scene before him. There are no visible traces of the arrows of Apollo and his sister; nor can we read on the faces of the maidens either uncontrollable grief at their sisters' death, or terror at the thought of their own coming doom. The first idea of the painter seems to be to paint with skill the bodies living or dead: to put into his picture the original tragedy seems quite secondary with him.

There is, however, one historical picture worthy of the name. Mr. Long has got hold of a picturesque custom from ancient Egypt in his "Crown of Justification" (453), and has treated it with picturesque skill. A dead man in the swathings of a mummy, with the bright fresh paint forming a ghastly contrast to the face of the corpse, is placed erect before a tribunal of forty judges, who are assembled to pass sentence on his life. Before he can receive the honours due to the illustrious dead, all persons who have any charge to bring against him have been invited to give evidence respecting his offences, and a young woman is pointing to him with eloquent gesture, and is apparently bringing against him an accusation of having wronged her, while an old man is waiting to bring some similar charge. The assessors, mostly old or middle-aged men, listen in attitudes of judicial dignity. Outside the door of the hall where the trial is taking place, we see a funereal barge waiting to convey the body with due honours across the Sacred Lake to the ancestral sepulchre, if the verdict is a favourable one; if not, the body is to be thrust out of sight unhonoured. The scene is a striking one, worthy of being painted. Mr. Long puts it before us in a very impressive way. The individual figures are good, and the general effect is bright and pleasing.

While we are on this subject we may point out the contrast

<sup>2</sup> Ovid's beautiful lines respecting the scene represented by Mr. Solomons are most appropriate:

Heu, quantum haec Niobe Niobe distabat ab illa,  
Quae modo Latois populum submoverat aris,  
Et mediam tulerat gressus resupina per urbem,  
Invidiosa suis! at nunc miseranda vel hosti  
Corporibus gelidis incumbit, et ordine nullo  
Oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes.  
A quibus ad coelum liventia brachia tendens,  
Pascere, crudelis, nostro, Latona, dolore,  
Corque ferum satia, dixit: per funera septem  
Efferor; exsulta, victrixque inimica triumphat.

Ovid, *Met.* vi. 273-283.

between our English Academy and the French Salon. We are happily free from an element which disgraces the French collection of pictures. The lascivious is, thank God, entirely absent with us, and there is very little of the nude. The "Salon," if report is true, abounds in one and the other. But the French, with all their nastiness, have not lost their love of the ideal, as we seem to have done. Their pictures overflow with sentiment. Their children are not mere painted lumps of flesh, and their Madonnas feeble sentimental young ladies, or respectable women of the lower class. When they paint a stirring scene they do not allow our attention to be drawn primarily to the details, and only after we have admired these material beauties to the idea which inspires the whole. It is reserved to us to lapse into a dreary obliviousness of all save material things, to become in our art, "people who forget God," and who forget not only God, but all the higher side of human nature, its joys and sorrows, its sentiment, its natural aspirations, its strong affections. It is these which are but scantily represented in the Academy of 1888.

But is sacred art entirely absent from the walls of Burlington House? Not entirely. Mr. Goodall has a large picture of Our Lord healing the sick (329). It calls for no special notice. The Christ is second-rate; there is an anxious look upon His face which jars upon us, and an absence of that Divine compassion and winning gentleness that we have a right to expect. Among the figures around, the wistful look on the face of the little boy on His left is striking, and the poor sickly child carried in its father's arms moves our compassion. There are a few other Scriptural scenes. We are pleased with Mr. Topham's "Naaman's wife" (665). A better name for it would be "The little Jewish maid," for it is she, and not the wife of Naaman, who attracts our attention. Modest, respectful, thoughtful, she is telling her mistress of the Prophet of Israel. She is a thorough Jewish maiden, her pose is admirable. The details are excellent, and are in their proper place, quite subordinate to the figures. The rest are not worthy of remark. There are two pictures of our Lady and the Infant Christ, both of them unsatisfactory.

There are a few pictures of Catholic subjects: a novice who has just taken the veil is entering within the enclosure of the convent, she is simple, pious, and innocent, and promises to be a good nun. "No Wife" (15) humorously brings out the hardships of a poor Spanish priest who has no one to mend his stockings,



and is obliged to appeal to the charity of one of his flock. "Saluting the Cardinal" (213), represents the devotion of a Catholic country, where the pious children of the Church wait outside the church door for the honour of kissing the Cardinal's hand. Mr. Dicksie's "Within the Shadow of the Church" (5) is sure to attract attention, because of its being one of the earliest pictures in the Academy, and because it panders to the vulgar conceptions of Protestantism—or at least it will be so interpreted by most visitors. It is true that the butterflies may be explained to indicate the vanity of all wishes that centre on things visible and material, and the look on the face of the monk may be one of pity, not regret. We hope that this was the painter's intention, but we fear it will be misinterpreted.

We must say a word about the portraits on which so many of our artists spend—we do not say waste—their time and labour. Some there are who, like Lawrence or Sir Joshua Reynolds, paint portraits that will make them celebrated for many generations. Probably Mr. Oules' best chance of posthumous fame is to devote himself to this field of art. His picture of Cardinal Manning, though it is not perfect either in colour or expression, is certainly good. The softness of eye that marks the gentle and kind heart does not appear in the portrait, and there is something a little harsh about the mouth. But the firmness, the dignity, the ascetic self-denial, are well brought out, and the portrait is far more successful than that of Cardinal Newman by the same painter. Of the rest of the portraits we will only say that though there is not quite so large a proportion as in some former years, yet there are far too many, especially as some of the originals are far from presenting a pleasing figure, and it seems a pity that the painter's skill should be wasted on unworthy subjects. It points to the prevalence of the money-getting spirit even among our Academicians, and the money-getting spirit is the ruin of all true art.

What then is to be our general verdict respecting the Academy? We have said that it is good, good above the average, and we will say more. It is promising of still better things hereafter. Most of the best exhibitors are young men, and belong to a new school, which revels in simple scenes and beautiful effects in Nature. There is a growing appreciation of the glories of heaven and earth, that reflects a similar appreciation in the educated classes generally.

On the other hand, there is a sad lack of pictures which



appeal to the higher faculties of human nature. There are but few that stir the emotions, indignation, pity, sympathy. Few appeal to the noblest affections, or suggest an admiration of heroism, of charity, of self-sacrifice, or rouse a kindly interest in the poor, the suffering, and the sorrowful. All these are left untouched save by a few pictures here and there. Even when the scene is one which of its own nature would tend to rouse them, the treatment by the painter is too often quite inadequate, and, moreover, commits the error of drawing the attention of the spectator primarily to points that ought to be subordinate, the painting of dresses, patterns of carpets, of jewels. There is scarcely a single picture which attempts to idealize or to raise the mind of him who sees it to that higher sphere of existence in which are to be found what can really elevate the soul and lead the heart of him that beholds it captive to its ennobling influences. Sacred art there is none, and we must confess that the indifference to sacred subjects is to us unaccountable at a time when the foolish prejudice against sacred symbols appealing to the heart through the sense of sight is dying out among educated men. Yet the absence of such subjects indicates a corresponding vacancy in the thoughts of the educated. In spite of all their Bible-reading, the religion of Protestants is apart from their ordinary life to an amount that to Catholics seems incomprehensible. The Scriptural scenes that are treated in the present Academy are little more than pictures from history which happen to be familiar to the painters, and seem to him to admit of successful treatment on canvas. There is none of that yearning after the invisible that constitutes a religious picture, and that is the leading feature of the Dusseldorf school.

Last of all, the present Academy represents a note of the present age, which extends to every sphere of science and of art,—the wide diffusion of what was in former times limited to a few. The exclusiveness of the Academy is gone. There are many more pictures painted, and every one knows that he will have a fair chance of being accepted if he is worthy of it. This spread of art does not encourage genius to its highest flights, but it does good service alike to the bulk of those who paint pictures, and to the general public who admire them.

### *The Blessed Clement Hofbauer.*

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ON the afternoon of the feast of St. Francis of Sales in this present year of Jubilee, the Holy Father was escorted by his Noble Guard to the Great Hall over the Porch of St. Peter's, there to venerate the relics and to pray before a picture of a Redemptorist missionary who had that morning been solemnly beatified. We think that our readers may like to learn something of this new *Beatus*, whose name is still a household word in many parts of Poland and Austria, although it is as yet but little known amongst us here in England.

The Blessed Clement Hofbauer was sprung from a humble stock. He first saw the light at Tasswitz, a Moravian hamlet, where his father was engaged in the same trade that is traditionally ascribed to the father of Cardinal Wolsey. His mother was an excellent woman, albeit of rather a stern type. She was filled with the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and entirely devoted to the care of her family. God gave her twelve children in all, of whom Clement was the youngest.

Our Saint came into the world in very troublous times. He was born on St. John's eve, December 26, 1751, in the very middle of that calamitous eighteenth century, which saw the corruption of the Courts of Louis the Fourteenth and especially of Louis the Fifteenth in France, soon to be followed by the nemesis of the French Revolution—which witnessed the success of a so-called Deistic philosophy in England, and a yet more terrible negation not merely of Providence but even of the very existence of the Divine Being upon the Continent of Europe,—which saw the Goddess of reason worshipped in Notre Dame, and the Vicar of Christ dragged with every mark of cowardly contumely from his home in the Eternal City to suffer a slow martyrdom in a foreign prison-house;—he was born in that strangely contradictory age in which the Society of Jesus was suppressed through the machinations of fanatical sectaries, who judged it not inconsistent with their principles to league with the enemies

of God against God's Church, and to support the cause of what they were pleased to call "a pure morality" by chicanery, fraud and misrepresentations so shameless that Machiavelli would have blushed to employ them,—in that age, which applauded in theory the most ridiculous apotheosis of human "liberty," while in practice it groaned beneath the yoke of such "liberal" rulers as Napoleon in France, Charles the Third in Spain, Frederic the Great in Prussia, and Joseph the Second, of ill-repute, in Austria. The Blessed Clement, therefore, was born twenty-one years before the first dismemberment of Poland, that great crime which Providence avenged, at least in part, by the chastisements inflicted on Prussia, Austria, and Russia, by the hand of Napoleon Bonaparte. He died in the year 1820, or five years after the battle of Waterloo, when the Most High crushed to the earth the people which had profaned His sanctuary, and the tyrant who had not hesitated to gibe in scorn at His earthly Vicar.

Clement Hofbauer was a *vas electionis*, chosen by God to do a great public work in this wicked period of European history. However, his early life augured but little the future that was before him. He was a child, not quite seven years of age, when he heard that he was fatherless. We are told that his mother took him immediately before a crucifix, and pointing to the image of our dying Lord, said to her son words that he never forgot: "*He is now your Father. See that you walk on the path which is pleasing to Him.*" From that moment the boy strove thus to walk. From that moment he ever looked to the Crucified alone for a father's help, a father's counsel in the hour of danger or of difficulty. And amply was his confidence repaid.

The idea of the priesthood seems to have come very early before Clement's mind as the state of life to which God was calling him. Circumstances however are like facts, stubborn things. Now the circumstances in which the future Apostle of Vienna was placed in his youth seemed to render any hope of acquiring the education necessary for the sacerdotal vocation altogether illusory. Indeed it was not merely that he had no means of obtaining the requisite education. He found himself under the pressing necessity of working for his daily bread. In all that followed we can now, on looking back upon the past, easily trace the guidance of Divine Providence, and see how God would both prepare His servant for the work which it was

appointed him to do, and also make it manifest that external circumstances have, as all things else, to bend before the purposes of Omnipotence. But it must have been a somewhat hard trial for Clement's faith and confidence in God, at a time when he was not looking back upon the past, but forward upon the vista of his future life, and found himself at the age of sixteen trudging along the road to the neighbouring town of Znaim, there to learn the monotonous business of a baker, while his heart was not in the bakehouse but in the ecclesiastical studies and life to which he felt himself drawn by a mysterious yet most unmistakeable attraction.

From so humble a trade to the Altar may seem to some persons a strange transition. Yet no more strange surely than that from the fishing-nets on the Sea of Galilee to the Apostolate in the Church of Jesus Christ. Matthew was called of old from the receipt of custom. Ignatius was trained and disciplined for the spiritual warfare by a soldier's life, in camp and field. Alphonsus Liguori was prepared in the law-courts of Naples to be the Doctor of Christian morals. Of a truth saints are fashioned in unlikely schools.

God's ways are not as our ways. Now in supernatural matters it is God who shapes means to ends, and He is not wont to work according to human measurements. Thus Providence willed that the future Apostle of Vienna should begin life as a baker. As we have seen, he learned his trade at Znaim, and after three years' apprenticeship in that town he practised it at the Great Norbertine Abbey of Bruck which was not far distant. Here he attended the monastery school, and doubtless acquired that elementary knowledge of Latin, which enabled him in after life to pursue his philosophical and theological studies in preparation for the priesthood. The priesthood however was yet far distant. Until the year 1783 Clement Hofbauer supported himself as a baker, with the exception of two short intervals, when his attraction for the interior life of prayer and contemplation led him to serve God as a Hermit.

A Hermit! What idea does the word give to the ordinary reader of the present day? But little probably, save a vague kind of impression of a life spent in sloth and general uselessness to mankind. Yet nothing can be further from the truth. The eremitical vocation has been recognized, approved and blessed by the Church of God. That which the Church sanctions, she also regulates. All Catholics then must be

certain that they, who in obedience to a Divine call, and in all submission to ecclesiastical Authority, separate themselves entirely from the world, in order to live in perfect union with our Lord, do not pass their days in idleness. God has never yet in the past called any man to idleness, nor will He ever do so in the future. Neither has our holy Mother the Church at any period of her history, regarded a life of idleness as anything else than utterly detestable and prolific of every evil. Such a life far from smoothing the path to Heaven, is the too sure presage of everlasting misery. We then may be confident that whatever else Hermits, living under the ægis of the Church's blessing and venerated by all the good men of their time, may or may not have been, idlers they certainly were not. Of so much we may be confident on *à priori* grounds.

While if we wish to be able to view the matter in the light afforded by the facts of history, we have only to read the *Lives of the Fathers of the Desert* by the late Countess Hahn-Hahn, and then ask ourselves how we, men and women of this busy nineteenth century, should like to subject ourselves to "the idle life" led by these Hermits of the old world in the first beginnings of Christianity. And to come to later times. Perhaps the most *active* man of the seventeenth century was St. Francis de Sales, the great writer, the indefatigable preacher, the man of prayer and study, the man of business and master of detail, who found time to govern a diocese, convert the whole province of Chablais to the Catholic religion, found a new Religious Order, personally to direct a great number of chosen souls in the hidden and higher ways of the spiritual life, and to conduct a vast and most engrossing correspondence. No man was ever busier than he. Yet it is on record that in the evening of his days he determined to resign his bishopric and relinquish all exterior occupations which required him to move from place to place. He purposed to go and live as a Hermit on the banks of the Lake of Geneva; a purpose which was only frustrated by the Saint's death. Had he lived to carry out his design we may be certain he would not have been "idle." To a mind of his activity and a conscience of his sensitiveness, idleness would not merely have been revolting, it would have been impossible. And as it was with the Fathers of the Desert, as it would have been with St. Francis de Sales, so was it also with Clement Hofbauer and with all recluses in the Catholic Church. So far as they have been true to their heaven-inspired vocation they

have shunned idleness as their deadliest foe, and have remembered always that if the oft-quoted words of old Roman wisdom *Nunquam minus solus sum, quam quum solus*, were to find their verification in themselves, they must needs keep, if not the body employed, at least the mind active. As a rule indeed the obligations of their state required them to keep both body and mind engaged. It seems to us to be the great advantage of the manual labour, to which all professors of the eremitical life were more or less bound, that it usually leaves the mind free to ascend heavenwards in pious aspirations and meditations on the Divine attributes, while at the same time it exercises the body and helps to drive away the temptations that so often come, even in hours of prayer, to those who have nothing except abstract truths wherewith to occupy their attention.

However, it was not the Will of God that Clement Hofbauer should be a Hermit to the end of his days. The Hermit's life was with him to be a preparation, not a permanent state. This truth was borne in upon him powerfully in the autumn of the year 1782. For some months past he had, in company with five other servants of God, been taking care of a shrine of our Blessed Lady at Tivoli, called "La Madonna di Quintiliolo," from the ruins of the villa of the well-known Quintilius Varus hard by. Here, in the midst of an olive grove, surrounded by scenery the most exquisite, he had lived in the greatest peace and happiness, supporting himself like the great Apostle of the Gentiles by the labour of his hands, and serving his Maker with all the fervour of a heart that was even then all aflame with the love of God. But directly he felt convinced that, despite of all appearances to the contrary, it was really the design of Heaven that he should win souls to Jesus Christ as a priest—directly he knew that God no longer wished him to be at Tivoli—he went back to Austria, and established himself at Vienna, where once again he plied his trade of baker, waiting until Providence should point out the path he was to follow in order to arrive at the appointed goal.

He had not long to wait. And now occurs an episode in Clement's life so romantic as to remind us—though the principal actors could not have been more dissimilar—of a well-known scene in the drama of English History. We all remember how the young Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have won his way to the affections of England's famous Queen, and to have smoothed for himself the road to glory, by the gallantry with which



he stepped forward and did not hesitate to spread his cloak in the mud, that his Sovereign's steps might be all unstained.

A very similar act of politeness gained for Clement Hofbauer the object of his lifelong ambition. One day he saw some ladies standing helplessly in the porch of St. Stephen's Church, looking out in despair at the rain which was coming down in torrents. To fetch them a carriage was only the work of a few minutes. This act of courtesy led to a conversation. The result of the conversation was that Clement was promised the means wherewith to pursue his ecclesiastical studies.

"God will reward you," he replied simply, "I have nothing with which to repay you, but you shall be repaid at the resurrection of the just. Doubtless the reward of these ladies—they were three sisters—will be great on the final day of account. Some reward, however, they received even in this life, and that by no means a small one. They lived to see him, whom they had enabled to become a priest, hailed everywhere as the reformer of morals, the unwearied preacher of the Gospel, the faithful dispenser of the mysteries of God, the true-hearted apostle of their native city.

This, however, was to be in the future. When this welcome assistance was first proffered the Blessed Clement, he had still to study theology, and was still to be ordained. He commenced his theological studies at the University of Vienna, but found the atmosphere so un-Catholic, so tainted with the malignant malaria of the dominant Jansenistic and Josephite novelties, that shaking the dust of Germany from off his feet, he betook himself to the Eternal City. There at least he knew that he would find Peter still "confirming his brethren" in the Faith that was once delivered to the saints.

The journey to Rome was made on foot. It was like a pilgrimage of the olden times—a veritable penance to human nature. However, even when Clement found himself at length in Rome, his difficulties were not yet at an end. To what body of priests, to what religious congregation or monastic order should he offer himself as a subject? Here Providence visibly came to his aid. He had determined with his dear friend Thaddeus Hübl, who had accompanied him over the mountains from Vienna, to go in the morning to the first church from which they should hear the bells summon the people to prayer. They were lodged on the Esquiline, and according to the arrangement made over night, the early morning found them



in the Church of St. Giuliano, which was at that time served by the Redemptorist Fathers.

On leaving the sacred edifice, Clement asked a child who were the religious that he saw in prayer before the altar. "Ex ore infantium et lactentium perfecisti laudem." "They are priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and one day *you* will become one of them," was the unexpected reply which Clement received to his question. He was deeply moved on discovering that the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, of which he had heard first from the lips of a child, had been founded by Mgr. Alfonso de Liguori, the saintly Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths, and that its primary object was to labour for the most abandoned souls. He had long before learned to love him, who is now known and venerated throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic world, as St. Alphonsus, "the great Doctor of Prayer," for even in those dark days of the Church in Germany, the ascetical works of the gentle and zealous author of *The Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, had been propagated far and wide by Father Albert Diesbach, a member of the suppressed Society of Jesus. Now, as it happened, Father Diesbach was an intimate friend of the Blessed Clement.<sup>1</sup> Thus they had often spoken together of the holy Bishop, whose books seem to be specially blessed by God as a means of inflaming souls with the love of Jesus Christ.

But it was not merely his reverence for the founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer that moved Clement to seek admission amongst its members: it was also the thought of the end and purpose of the Institute—the salvation of the most abandoned souls. This was the great object to which he had so long coveted to consecrate his life.

Thus it was soon settled. Both Clement and his friend Thaddeus became novices of the Redemptorist Congregation. They were admitted to profession on St. Joseph's Day, 1785, and shortly afterwards ordained priests.

Now commences in good earnest the second and that which

<sup>1</sup> The Blessed Clement tells us that Father Diesbach "converted innumerable souls, Waldensians, Calvinists, Zuinglians, and others to the Faith. He was universally called the Apostle of the Alps." He died a martyr, being waylaid by ruffians and so severely beaten that he died a few days after, in the odour of sanctity. On his return to Vienna the Blessed Clement, as we learn from the Process of the Beatification, visited the tomb of his dead friend, and earnestly desired to be buried by his side.

may be called technically "the active" portion of the Blessed Clement's life. When St. Alphonsus, who was still living in extreme old age, and did not go to his eternal reward until August 1, 1787, heard of the entry of these two new German subjects into the Congregation, he was filled with joy, and exclaimed, in the spirit of prophecy, that God would not fail to promote His glory by their means in the countries from which they came; countries nearly ruined by the suppression of the Jesuits. The Saint added, however, that the work of his children would be very different in the North from his own in Italy.

"In the midst of the Lutherans and Calvinists, amongst whom these good priests will be placed, the Catechism will be more necessary than preaching. They will do a great work, but they have need of greater light."

Such was the almost dying prediction of St. Alphonsus concerning the work that should be done by Father Clement and his companions in the Transalpine lands, over whose spiritual destitution he himself sighed so deeply.

Accordingly, no long delay was permitted to elapse before the two new priests were sent to the north of Europe with directions to establish a house of the Congregation, if possible, in Courland. However, they were detained by the Nuncio in Warsaw, and, on the matter being referred to the Holy See, permission was granted them to establish themselves permanently in that city, which at the time stood sorely in need of some zealous priests. The once great and Catholic kingdom of Poland was now in its death throes. The agony was both long and painful. Twice was the gallant nation, which had in the past done such good service against the Turks, violently dismembered, before the final partition was effected in 1795. During the one and twenty years of the Blessed Clement's residence in Warsaw, its inhabitants were daily expecting a fate which would either hand them over to the rule of the Lutheran House of Hohenzollern, or to the tender mercies of the Autocrat of all the Russias, while after the first successes of Napoleon, it did not require much prescience to foresee that the march of events was sure sooner or later to bring the troops of revolutionary France, drunk with blood and thirsting for further spoil, within the walls of the ancient city. They actually arrived in 1806, and were received with marks of the most pusillanimous submission. All public spirit was dead in the

unhappy country. All true public life had disappeared long before. The nobles were corrupt and licentious, the people were degraded. So early as May, 1793, the Blessed Clement felt himself obliged to write thus of the general demoralization: "Scandalous vices have nowhere come to such a pitch as in this city . . . All are corrupt, and I see no hope of amendment. I fear lest God should *remove their candlestick out of its place*. Let us pray that they may repent before it is too late."

Poland, alas! did not repent. The scourge has fallen on that unhappy land. Is it too much to hope that the Divine Justice may have been satisfied, that the wrath of the Most High may have been appeased by the fidelity with which the unfortunate Poles, whether at home, or as strangers and exiles in foreign lands, have everywhere, in spite of the most terrible persecution, clung bravely to their ancient faith; is it too much to hope that the prayers of the Blessed Clement, now glorified, as in Heaven so on earth, may be joined to those of Casimir, Stanislaus Kostka, and many another Polish saint, to win for the people which he loved so well, that at length *its Candlestick may be restored to it*, and that we may live to see it take its place once more amongst the Christian nations of a regenerated Europe?

However this may be in the future, it is certain that at the time of which we are writing, when Father Hofbauer and Father Hübl arrived in Warsaw in 1787, things could scarcely have been in a worse condition. It is hardly necessary to say that the corruption of morals, which was well-nigh universal, arose mainly from the decay of true Catholic principles. Where the faith is vigorous, there we shall always find good morals among the people; where the faith is weak, there shall we see covetousness, greed of power, sensuality, and selfishness holding undisputed sway. This is the general law, which can hardly admit of exception. Its truth was certainly exemplified by the state of Warsaw at the close of the eighteenth century. The fell spirit of Jansenism was gnawing away the very vitals of religion. The negations of Voltaire and Rousseau were accepted by great numbers of the aristocracy instead of the positive beliefs in all that is high and bright, and pure and lovely, and of good report, which had nerved their fathers to do and die for God and country. All genuine Catholic spirit seemed to have disappeared, for one sad moment, from the land which had been once so famed in Christendom for its chivalrous devotion to the Holy See.

Jansenism! There was the enemy! Wherever it penetrated there all frequent, loving use of the holy sacraments, all loyal, tender-hearted service of the Blessed Mother of God, all child-like confidence in the Merits of our Lord Jesus Christ disappeared before the blighting touch of these cold, false, innovating religionists, who dried up the very wells of life with their hard sayings. But if Jansenism was one of the most unlovely heresies that have ever cursed society, it was also one of the most learned, specious, and externally respectable. Therefore did the Providence of God raise up, as its opponent, the great Society, against whose members even their most ruthless and unscrupulous foes have never ventured to bring the charge either of want of learning or of laxity of life. And when at length Jansenistic wiles had for the moment prevailed, when the Sovereign Pontiff felt himself constrained by the menaces of hostile governments, in order to avoid still greater evils, to suppress, until happier days should dawn, the Society whose very *raison d'être* was to serve the Apostolic See, then God did not fail His Church. Not only did St. Alphonsus Liguori found a new religious Order devoted to the interests of the poorest and most abandoned souls, but also his writings were gradually disseminated throughout the Catholic world. Now one great result of the widespread influence of these writings was that they accomplished the work which the Society was no longer allowed to do, as a Society. And when St. Alphonsus, the Saint of wonderful acumen and prodigious reading, the Saint distinguished as for his infinite compassion for the wandering and fallen, so also for the most exquisite, personal sensitiveness of conscience, when Alphonsus cried aloud against the application of rigorous principles to the sinner for whom Christ had died, all who heard, could not but lend a ready ear to the appeal, for they knew full well how rigorous Alphonsus was ever to himself, if to his erring neighbour he was all gentleness and love. Thus their manipulation of the various European Courts availed the Jansenists but little. They were conquered, and to-day Catholics everywhere gratefully acknowledge that the defeat of these unprincipled sectaries, to a great extent at least, was due to the learning and sanctity of the venerable Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths.

But though Jansenism was dead as a theological system, the disastrous practical abuses, which it had engendered in the days of its ascendancy, were still rife. It was against these practical

abuses that the Blessed Clement was to wage an undying warfare. Now, in carrying on this warfare it was no longer profound learning that was requisite so much as an unwearied zeal in all good works, an ardent trust in Catholic principles and an undaunted courage. But of all these latter qualities Father Hofbauer was abundantly possessed. He has often, and with good reason, been compared to St. Philip Neri, the great Apostle of Rome. Certainly the methods by which he overcame the coldness and indifference, induced by the Jansenistic régime in Warsaw were very similar to those which St. Philip chose wherewith to overcome worldliness and tepidity in the city of the Popes.

Both these great servants of God knew the power that flows from the simple preaching of the revealed Word of God; they both knew what magic there is in the name of Mary for the Christian heart, and above all they knew well how great are the treasures to be found in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Accordingly, that which St. Philip carried out at St. Girolamo and in La Chiesa Nuova, that also did the Blessed Clement effect in St. Benno's little church in Warsaw.

St. Benno was a Saxon missionary who was canonized by Pope Adrian the Sixth, his fellow-countryman, in 1523. The last King of Poland, the ill-fated Stanislaus the Second, bestowed the little church dedicated to this Saint, together with the small adjacent house, upon the two Redemptorist priests.

Probably St. Benno's was chosen because it was much frequented by foreigners. Father Clement, however, felt that his mission was not merely to the foreigners in Warsaw, but also to the inhabitants of Warsaw themselves. He determined, therefore, to find his way to the Polish heart. At first he found this no easy task. The men who had not sufficient patriotism to shed their blood nobly in a generous struggle *pro aris et focis* against their country's foes, were not afraid to boycott a helpless priest, because forsooth! he was a German, not one of themselves. There was a time when no Pole would cross the threshold of St. Benno's. But soon Father Clement's large-hearted Catholic zeal triumphed over their narrow prejudices. They soon discovered that the new-comers held themselves scrupulously aloof from politics, and only desired their spiritual welfare.

Once the ice had been broken, things progressed apace. Polish novices poured in. Soon there was a large community estab-

lished at St. Benno's. The church was enlarged and made warm and bright with festive decorations. As the enlightened authorities forbade all public missions to be given, the Blessed Clement determined that there should be one perpetual mission in St. Benno's. The church was crowded from morning to night, the confessionals were besieged by eager multitudes, just as during mission-time amongst a sincere Catholic population. Every morning three High Masses were sung in the church, and four sermons were preached, while the day's labours were always closed with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Such was the Blessed Clement's method. Thus did he hope to re-invigorate Catholic life in the capital of unhappy Poland. He succeeded beyond all expectations. His appeal to the Christian instincts of the people of Warsaw proved that the spirit of faith was merely dormant, by no means dead, in the breasts of the Poles. Soon the whole face of the city was changed. Once again it presented the appearance of a truly Catholic town. On the feast of Corpus Christi especially there was always a grand display of public homage to the Sacred Host, which once more was borne in triumph from out St. Benno's Church through the public streets, as in the days of old.

However we must not imagine that all this good work—besides other works such as schools and orphanages, in ordinary times foreign to the end of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, but under the special circumstances of the day directed by Father Clement with the full approval of the Holy See—was carried on without great difficulty. The man of God was during the whole course of his sojourn in Warsaw subjected to one long persecution from evil-doers and was continually harassed with the fear that his undertakings would be brought to nought. And so indeed it was to be. The Blessed Clement was destined in the designs of Providence to be known in the Church as the Apostle of Vienna, not as the Apostle of Warsaw. Vienna not Warsaw was to be the centre from which houses of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in many different lands and even continents, were to radiate in the future time. Therefore were the machinations of his enemies in Poland, permitted by God to prevail against him.

During these years, whilst his headquarters were always at Warsaw, the Blessed Clement undertook several journeys to make foundations of his Congregation in Germany and



Switzerland; none of which however survived the calamities of the times. It was at one of these new foundations, that of Babenhausen in the diocese of Augsburg, that Father Clement heard in 1806 the sad news of the impending ruin of the good works at St. Benno's.

He hurried back immediately. For two years the blow was averted. It fell on June 20, 1808, when the Decree of Suppression, which had been signed a few days previously, was put into execution. The authorities did their impious task much in the same brutal and callous way that the same crime against God and His Church has been accomplished in almost every European country, within the recollection of living men. The Blessed Clement, however, on his side had a surprise in store for his enemies. Friendly warning had been conveyed to him of the coming catastrophe. Hence everything was in readiness for the police. None of the Fathers were taken by surprise, but they all permitted themselves to be apprehended and driven off quietly in closed carriages, escorted by a strong body of cavalry. To prevent the possibility of an *émeute* the people were locked into the crowded church, and its doors guarded by the soldiery, while all the corners of the principal streets were occupied with troops. Still, had not the Blessed Clement exhorted the Fathers previously to make no disturbance, there must have been bloodshed. He had, as we have said, full warning, but for peace sake he allowed the Government to have all the credit of having effected the most complete surprise.

The Redemptorist community soon found themselves together (as prisoners of war!) in the Prussian Fortress of Cüstrin in Brandenburg. Here they were detained for some time, but soon separated, for fear that they should discover some mysterious means of converting the neighbouring Lutherans to the Catholic religion. It is certainly most extraordinary and even ludicrous to observe how frightened Protestants always are of the effect upon their co-religionists of intercourse with zealous Catholics! The sons of St. Alphonsus now received orders to go each to his own home. The Blessed Clement thought that under the circumstances he could not do better than proceed to Vienna, although at the time it was impossible to think of establishing a monastery in that city. But he hoped for the future. Accordingly for Vienna he set out with Brother Martin Stark, a young Redemptorist student, who was to be his companion until death. They made

their journey on foot. It was subject to many vicissitudes. They were twice imprisoned for want of the proper passports, and when at length Father Clement was allowed to enter the Austrian capital he was by no means free from police supervision, which was extended to him for a whole year!

During the next twelve years, from his arrival in 1808, until his holy death in 1820, the Blessed Clement was in Vienna that which St. Philip was for nearly a lifetime in Rome, its apostle, diffusing "light and leading" upon all around him. Absolutely unknown when he first entered the city, excepting to the Government officials as a dangerous person, he took up his residence near the Italian church. The Rector of this church was his old friend, Father Luigi Virginio, who like his fellow-Jesuit, Father Diesbach, had done much to spread the works of St. Alphonsus north of the Alps. Father Virginio died in 1810 a martyr of charity, and was virtually succeeded as Rector by Father Hofbauer. Then gradually did he become known. Indefatigable in visiting the sick, in the pulpit, in the confessional—a most zealous son of the most zealous Doctor—people began first to talk of him, and then to go to him as their spiritual Father. And Father Hofbauer was a priest whose influence over the souls that committed themselves to his spiritual care, grew steadily. He had a wonderful power of inspiring others with something of his own unbounded enthusiasm for the cause of God in this world; he seemed able to raise all with whom he came in contact into a higher and purer atmosphere than is generally breathed on this earth of ours. Therefore in the year 1813 the aged Archbishop, Count Sigismund Von Hohenworth, a holy man who had belonged to the Society of Jesus before its Suppression, determined to yet further enlarge the sphere of Father Clement's activity. He entrusted him with the direction of a convent of Ursuline nuns, and with the care of the public church attached to the convent.

Now at length the Blessed Clement's position was one authorized and public. Now he found himself in the full glare of notoriety. For soon it became known that things were said and done in the Ursuline church, that were eminently distasteful to the civil power, as it then was. Soon it was whispered abroad in the city, and the news spread fast from mouth to mouth, that there was a saint at the Ursuline church—a saint who cared very little for the laws of Joseph the Second, but who was supremely devoted to the interests, and altogether pledged to the service of

the Vicar of Christ, and of the souls for whom Christ had died. A saint who did not fear to teach publicly that neither Joseph the Second nor any other earthly monarch had ought to say in matters that pertained to the Kingdom of God. A saint, who, while he was ever ready cheerfully to render to the Kaiser the things that were truly his, was absolutely determined that, so far as in him lay, the Kaiser should have nothing of the things which belonged to the Kaiser's Lord and Master.

Joseph the Second and Josephism! How little do these words convey to most Englishmen. Yet, in all probability it is in no way an exaggeration to say that had it not been that the Providence of God raised up His servant Clement to stem the rising tide of impiety and Erastianism in Austria, Joseph the Second would have ranked with Henry the Eighth of England as the royal author of a new schism, and that Josephism would have been known in ecclesiastical history, like Lutheranism or Wesleyanism, as the name of a new heresy, self-condemned because yclept after the name of a mortal man, a self-appointed teacher of God's people.

Josephism was in fact the most acute form of the terrible disease, generally known as Gallicanism, which had been afflicting the Church more or less ever since the days of Gerson and of the Council of Constance. But in Germany this disease more nearly proved fatal than was the case even in France. In the country of St. Louis the most dangerous champion of Gallicanism undoubtedly was Le Grand Monarque; but he, providentially, was inconsistent enough to be like our eighth Henry, a Catholic by conviction and at heart. Therefore his power for evil was always crippled by his own conscience. He hated Jansenism. Joseph the Second on the contrary seems to have had no conscience, so far as the interests of religion were concerned. He therefore used the Jansenistic tendencies of the day most unscrupulously, as the great engine for effecting his schismatical purposes. There is no doubt that at the Congress of Vienna all was prepared to consummate a schism. Now, it was the Blessed Clement, who, by the wonderful influence which his sanctity enabled him to wield over the hearts and consciences of men, was the great instrument in the hands of God, whereby this dire calamity was averted from the much-tried Church, and Austria was saved to the Holy See.

We are precluded by the exigencies of space from dwelling at any length on the Blessed Clement's life and work in Vienna.

We would refer those persons who may desire to learn more of the modern apostle of that great city to the late Father Haringer's *Life of Father Hofbauer*, which has been translated into English by Lady Herbert. We are there told much of his devotion to the sick and dying, of the care with which he fostered the spirit of faith and piety in all who were drawn within the circle of his acquaintance, of his gentleness and apostolic charity in the administration of the Sacrament of Penance, of the simplicity and heavenly unction with which he preached the Word of God, of his zeal for the religious perfection of the Ursulines whom he directed, of his assiduity in the discharge of all the duties of his state. Still, all this, though it sufficed to effect his own personal sanctification, scarcely suffices to account adequately for the wonderful personal influence with which he was endowed.

The Blessed Clement was indeed a priest devoted heart and soul to the glory of God and the salvation of men; a priest who spent himself day and night in the loving service of his brethren, and who consecrated himself daily as a living holocaust to the Most High in union with the Adorable Victim whom daily he immolated upon the altar. His whole life is, as it were, a mirror in which we can see the reflection of every sacerdotal virtue. Yet, in addition to all this, there was an indescribable charm about his personality, given to him as a special gift of Heaven, that enabled him to operate that vast change in the thought and feeling of Vienna with which his name will always be associated. He found the clergy and people of that city bound hand and foot to the chariot wheels of Cæsar. He left them free, and devoted heart and soul to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The Blessed Clement was brought into the most intimate relations with all the great men of the time, who inaugurated in Germany that striking Catholic revival, which—alongside of a coterminous development of antagonistic forces—has been witnessed in the nineteenth century. Frederick Schlegel, of European celebrity, the Poet-Preacher Werner, whose name will be familiar to all readers of *Mdme. de Staël*, *Von Pilot*, *Klinkowström*, *Schlosser* and many another—most of them converts from Protestantism—looked up to him as their father and master in the spiritual life. These were the men who preserved their native land from untold woes, by kindling anew the flame of Catholic devotion, and influencing their

fellow-countrymen with fresh zeal for the Catholic cause—but they all avowed, as with one voice, that they derived their inspiration from Father Clement Hofbauer. The same declaration was made on several occasions by Cardinal Consalvi, and by the Nuncios Severoli and Litta. Thus Cardinal Consalvi affirmed that he never acted at the Congress of Vienna without consulting the Blessed Clement, and Mgr. Severoli once pointed him out to a Polish lady with the words, "Do you see that venerable religious? Simple and unpretending as he appears exteriorly, there is no one who is so good a judge of important affairs. Very often matters of the greatest moment come before us, which appear almost impossible of solution. In consequence of this, I am continually sending for that good Father, and never once have I had occasion to regret having done so."

It has been said that St. Philip sanctified Rome without intending to do anything remarkable. The same thing is true of the Blessed Clement's work in Vienna. His mission was pre-eminently supernatural. His life was hidden with Christ in God long before it was made manifest to men. His whole environment seemed to render impracticable the two great objects on which he had set his heart—the regeneration of society in Vienna on a Catholic basis, and the propagation of a new Italian religious order in lands, where even old-established religious orders indigenous to the soil had been ruthlessly proscribed by the civil power. Yet both these objects, impossible as they once seemed of attainment, were in the end through God's good Providence, attained, at least potentially, by the Blessed Clement before his race was run.

For the attainment of his purposes he never made any great ventures, unless he was driven to it by the stress of events. Nor did he ever deliberately lay himself out for great results. He simply waited upon God in faith and prayer. The "daily round, the common task," this it was upon which he concentrated the endeavour of each recurring day. In the help which comes from above, not in his own plans, did he repose all his hopes of ultimate victory. Therefore God chose him out of thousands. Wonderfully was he prepared by the various trials and disappointments of his early years for the future that lay before him. Wonderfully were his steps guided to the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Wonderfully again did God watch over His servant when he returned as a Redemptorist to the countries of the North. He did his work in Warsaw, and when

his enemies vainly fancied that they had ruined that work, in truth they had but opened out for him another field of action, which was to be his, until the time of labour should be past, and in which he should one day gather a golden harvest. Through the malice of his enemies, he sowed indeed in tears, but in the Providence of God he gathered his sheaves, even in this life, with great joy. From Vienna most of the evils of the century drew their strength. Therefore was it appointed unto our Saint to collect around himself a band of disciples to carry on the fight after his own death, and to be nucleus whence should spring all the Redemptorist communities of the future outside of Italy. Thus it is that in the day of his glorification we hail him gladly as "the Apostle of Vienna and the second Father of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer." As we study his life and see how much he effected by confidence in God, devotion to duty and unfailing prayer, the most diffident must gain courage, the most faint-hearted strength, the most indifferent must be stirred to rise and do likewise, imitating the Blessed Clement in all high endeavour, and after his example cheerfully leaving results to God alone.

O. R. VASSALL, C.S.S.R.



## *Casuistry.*

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CASUISTRY is the study of cases of conscience. Its aim is to define the exact limits and frontiers of wrong-doing. The casuist says to a man : "Thus far mayest thou go, but no further : another step is wickedness." He does not invite him to go even so far. To fix a mark on the ice by way of showing that it is unsafe to go beyond, is not any recommendation of the ice immediately short of that mark to the special attention of skaters. He is a useful man who places such marks on the ice, provided he lays them judiciously, neither assuming the objects of his care to be as light as gossamer nor as heavy as wagons. So we might have thought the casuist to be a useful man, and one entitled to public favour and consideration. But in fact he is very unpopular, he and his art. If we might define it according to the ordinary English estimate of it, we should say : Casuistry is the art of minimising and teaching others to minimise moral obligations as well in speculation as in practice.

Sir James Mackintosh, for example, writes thus :—"The tendency of casuistry is to discover ingenious pretexts for eluding that rigorous morality and burdensome superstition, which in the first ardour of religion are apt to be established, and to discover rules of conduct more practicable by ordinary men in the common state of the world. The casuists first let down morality from enthusiasm to reason ; then lower it down to the level of general frailty, until it be at last sunk in loose accommodation to weakness, and even vice."<sup>1</sup>

It would be idle to pretend that there is no danger of this abuse ever occurring. "The Jesuits," as Sir James goes on to tell us, "were the casuists of the seventeenth century." The General Congregations of the Order in that and the following century passed repeated decrees against "novelties and laxities of opinion in matters of moral." It is not the wont of these Congregations to legislate against wholly imaginary dangers.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs*, i. p. 411.

But there is a higher authority in the Catholic Church, ever vigilant to prevent the keen intellects of Moral Professors from whittling away the law which they are set to expose. No great extravagance of casuistry will ever go unrebuked at Rome. And the rebuke is written down and preserved as a warning to future generations. Innocent the Eleventh in 1679 condemned sixty-five moral axioms together as lax or loosely worded. Here are some of them :

"With a cause it is lawful to take an oath without any intention of swearing, as well in trifles as in grave matters."

"He satisfies the Church's precept of hearing Mass, who hears two parts of it, or even four together, said by different Celebrants at the same time."

"It is lawful to steal, not only in extreme but even in grave necessity."

No Professor of Casuistry in a Catholic Seminary, who valued his place, would venture to teach any proposition that had ever been condemned at Rome.

The Church has every reason for watching with jealous eyes over what we may call the purity of casuistry. For as cases are solved in her schools, so are they decided in her confessionals: the one is a preparation for the other. And the confessional is a vital organ of the Catholic Church. Where it works healthily, she flourishes and thrives: where it is out of order and ceases to act normally, her very existence is there threatened. And this lets us into the reason why casuistry is unpopular in England: it is unpopular as the confessional is unpopular. The study of the law is wrapped in the same cloud of odium which rests upon the court where that law is administered. It came very well from Pascal and other writers of Jansenist proclivities to lampoon casuists and turn casuistry into a byword of reproach: this same school virtually abolished the confessional also, by making it to be really under their direction, what the heretics at the time of the Council of Trent had mendaciously styled it, a *carnificina conscientiarum*, "a torture-chamber of consciences."<sup>2</sup>

If Jansenism had held its way, and had not been restrained by the hand of God, and by the vigorous action of Popes like Innocent the Tenth and Clement the Eleventh, there would have soon been no more casuistry, for people would have ceased to go to confession.

<sup>2</sup> Conc. Trid. Sess. 14, c. 5.

Casuistry is the study of the law which is administered in the confessional. It is by no mere metaphor that the confessional is called "the tribunal of penance." The Council of Trent,<sup>3</sup> speaking with dogmatic precision, says that Christ being about to ascend into Heaven "left priests behind in place of Himself as judges, that all crimes, amounting to mortal sin, into which Christ's faithful ever fell, might be brought under their cognisance, in order that, using the power of the keys, they might pronounce sentence of remission or retention;" and further, that priests "could not exercise this power of judgment without examination of the case;" and again, in the ninth canon of the same Session, the Council anathematizes "any one who shall say that the sacramental absolution of the priest is not a judicial act." Every time that a priest is seated in the confessional, he is there as a judge. He must, then, possess Jurisdiction as well as Order: otherwise his acts are invalid, and his absolution goes for nothing. He must be in fact either the ecclesiastical superior of his penitent, or the delegate of that superior.

Being a judge, he is bound to decide according to the law of the court where he sits—the Court of Conscience it is called. The law there current presents many nice points for decision. The study of these, as I have said, is casuistry. It is essential to the training of a priest. It is matter of professional interest to him, and occasionally of keen discussion, as the treatment of wounds is to a surgeon.

The law which governs the decisions of the Tribunal of Penance is, first, the law of the Ten Commandments, which is the natural law of God: then the law of Faith and of the Sacraments, which is the positive law of God: then the Canon Law, which is made by the Church; and the Civil Law of each particular country, so far as it is addressed to consciences. The science which is conversant with all these varieties of law, so far as they have any bearing on the confessional, is called Moral Theology. Moral Theology gives the general principles, which Casuistry applies to particular cases. As a matter of fact, however, the word Casuistry is hardly ever heard in the Catholic schools. We say of one who is a referee in cases of conscience, not that he is a good Casuist, but that he is a good Moral Theologian.

Moral Theology is principally made up of two other

<sup>3</sup> Sess. 14, c. 5.

sciences, that of Moral Philosophy and that of Canon Law, without however being identical with either of them singly or with both of them put together. We will examine how each of the two sciences named enters into Moral Theology. And first of Moral Philosophy. That science has two branches—Ethics, which deal principally with the theory of right and wrong, and the exact import of those two ideas; and Natural Law, which defines what actions are obligatory or wrong of themselves and by the nature of things, antecedently to any positive law, human or divine, but not of course antecedently to the Eternal Law, which is the will of God enacting whatever the nature of things requires. Ethics concern the Moral Theologian much as Biology is the concern of the Physician. The latter must have correct biological notions, the former right ethical notions. A biological *fad* might set a doctor wrong in his practice in a nice point and extraordinary case, where he would have to be guided by theory rather than by routine and direct experience. Many patients in bygone ages suffered from their doctor's biological *fads*, ideas of "humours," "vital spirits," *contraria contrariis*, and so forth. In like manner, one who held the utilitarian view of morality, which we presume is not a correct ethical notion, would be likely to be over liberal in allowing deception or the taking of life, where the public good seemed to require it. He would not have that idea of the sanctity of human life, or of divine truth, or of heavenly purity either, which comes of sound ethics, and is necessary in practical issues to enable us firmly to refuse to barter golden right for brazen expediency.

On the other hand the Physician need not remember all the grounds and arguments on which his correct biological notions rest. It is well that in youth he should have made some study of these grounds, and even have been examined in them as in a point of preparatory learning, previous to his taking his degree: but this learning is after all only preparatory, and the increase of it, or even the retention of it, is not necessary to that competency of science and skill, which warrants him, not only in bearing the name, but in doing the work of a Doctor of Medicine. Nor need the Moral Theologian and practising Confessor be versed in the controversies which lead to correct conclusions and to the refutation of errors in Ethics: though it is well that some of his youthful ardour of inquiry should have been expended upon these points.

Not the whole of Ethics, then, enters into Moral Theology.

But when we come to inquire how much knowledge of Natural Law the Moral Theologian as such should possess, the answer must be a universal and a sweeping one: *all Natural Law*. The whole of this science seems to to be comprehended in Moral Theology. Even the labour question, rent and usury, the origin of property and of the civil power, the respect due to the one and to the other, the exposition of the follies of Rousseau and of the Socialists,—all these topics are full of matter of conscience; and a scientific grasp of them belongs to the Confessor who is thoroughly prepared to deal with all sorts and conditions of souls.

To Moral Theology there also belongs a considerable portion, but by no means the whole, of Canon Law. The latter is the law of the exterior tribunals of the Church: and as this law binds the conscience, and is made expressly for the salvation of souls, and deals with spiritual matters, such as the sacraments, it needs must largely guide the procedure in the interior tribunal, or Court of Conscience, which is the Sacrament of Penance. One has but to take up any of the ordinary textbooks of Moral Theology, and mark the quantity of Canon Law that it contains, making perhaps as much as one third of the whole. The Commandments of the Church belong to Canon Law: so also do the provisions for the lawful administration of the Sacraments and the celebration of Mass: also questions of jurisdiction in the Sacrament of Penance, and Reserved Cases: likewise the Censures, as they are called, of excommunication, suspension, and interdict; and last but not least, the ecclesiastical impediments of Matrimony. On the other hand, the Moral Theologian does not study Canon Law in its sources: he is not versed in the Decretals as such: he is not a master of the phraseology and procedure of the ecclesiastical courts and the supreme Roman Congregations: nor is he conversant with more than the outline of the vast subject of Benefices. But, most noticeable difference of all, the Moral Theologian keeps quite clear of the *forum contentiosum*, where Canonist meets Canonist and there comes the clang of (canonical) war. His *forum*, the tribunal of Penance, is not a place of contention and strife between man and man, for there is only one man present in his own proper person, the other is there as God's delegate, and the transaction between them is of submission on the part of earth and pardon on the part of Heaven.

It sometimes happens that one human being who has a con-

tention with another, which should go before the Church's exterior court, brings the matter into the interior court of Conscience. This he does that he may be enabled so to conduct his suit with men and before men as not to offend God, the Sovereign Lord and Judge. The judge of the interior court must know just enough of the procedure of the other court as to be able to direct his penitent to this effect. In particular he must know where his own jurisdiction ceases, and the jurisdiction of the exterior court begins. Thus, however convinced a confessor may be of the invalidity of a marriage,—even though his conviction be so strong and certain that he cannot allow the parties to live together as man and wife,—yet he can never sanction either party's making a new match, until a juridical sentence of the nullity of the previous marriage has been obtained from or through the Bishop.

The Moral Theologian, as every ecclesiastical student knows, has the name of being more indulgent than the Canonist. The Canonist, it is believed, will bring the law down upon you, if he can: whereas the Moralist will let you off, if he can. The effect of the two courses followed together is supposed to be to keep the student's mind in equilibrium between laxity and undue rigour. However this may be, there are not wanting reasons why we should expect a larger and more liberal allowance for human nature from the Moral Theologian than from the Canonist,—in the Court of Conscience than in the Exterior Tribunal. The Moral Theologian and Confessor *gets nearer* to his penitent than the Canonical Judge does to the defendant that comes before him. In this sense the Confessor gets nearer, that he hears excuses and pleas that cannot be substantiated, sometimes even are not allowed to be pleaded at all, in the outer Court. In the Court of Conscience the accused is the witness against himself, and the only witness. Now a man cannot be witness against himself without being to some extent also counsel for himself. He has done *this*, but with *these* extenuating circumstances: he has done *this*, but not *that*: simply *this* and no more. And it is a rule of law, that *credendum est penitenti*. The penitent must be believed, except where he is manifestly lying or mistaken. But in the outer Court there are a multitude of witnesses against the defendant; and these may create a legal presumption against him, which he is not able juridically to dispel. Or he may have incurred an obligation, which in conscience binds him only remotely, or as they say,



*post sententiam judicis*, that is, after sentence has been pronounced upon him in the outer Court. If he comes only into the interior Court, and never into the outer Court at all, this obligation will not be pressed upon him.

It is a good thing for morality and public order that there should exist a court so favourable to the delinquent as the tribunal of Penance. Most certainly it is a good thing, for the court is God's own personal erection; and all God's works are good and conducive in themselves to that beauty and tranquillity of order which He loves. This is answer sufficient for Catholics. Moreover Catholics alone have experience of the tribunal of Penance: and their experience of it is practically unanimous, that the frequentation of it makes them as well more inwardly pure before God as also more just in outward act towards their neighbour than they otherwise would have been. For others who are not Catholics, and who have no such experience, it may be well to remark that it is dangerous to drive a delinquent to desperation; that it is well that there should be some place where the fallen or the falling man may appear, and have the law of God administered to him exactly as it binds him with all his peculiar dispositions and circumstances, every abatement being made that the calmest and kindest reason can allow for his case. It is this compassion dwelling in the heart of the priest for them that are ignorant and err,<sup>4</sup> that has prompted what Puritans have named "the subtleties of casuistry." Certainly this compassion has at times gone to unwise and unlawful lengths, and to airy and unreal distinctions between right and wrong; and as often as it has done so, it has been sternly repressed by the Church. But the motive that prompted this occasional excess might have inspired more respect than it has received.

An opinion as indulgent as a strict regard for the facts and likelihoods of the case will allow, is especially desirable where a deed of a questionable character is not under debate, but has actually been done, and the debateable point in the mind of the Confessor is as to the amount of reparation that it is necessary to exact of a penitent, whose good dispositions must not have a needlessly heavy load laid upon them. Supposing A has been guilty of a piece of gross partiality and favouritism in the making of some appointment. When he enters into himself and repents, the question arises, whether the appointment was a violation of

<sup>4</sup> Heb. v. 2.

strict justice. If it were, he would have to offer some satisfaction to the injured party. Obviously it will be easier for A to make his peace with God, if a solid ground can be found for thinking that no violation of justice strictly so called has been committed, and consequently no obligation of making satisfaction can be urged upon him. Otherwise, he may refuse to make satisfaction : or what is more likely, he will promise and then not make it. A well founded opinion in favour of liberty here is not a smoothing of the way down the abyss that the man may fall into it, but a smoothing of the way up that the man may come out of it. It may be asked : Is not the way up also the way down ? Yes it is the same way, but salutary or dangerous according to the direction in which it is traversed : and we will warn people from going down it. In other words, consult a wise casuist before you leap, and he will hold you back : when you have taken the leap, he will not call a sprain a fracture, and he will not put you through more surgical treatment than necessary.

As for the subtlety of casuists being made matter of complaint against them, the complaint is no more reasonable, and no less so, than the complaining which we hear of lawyers and their subtleties, especially when the latter call for payment in pounds, shillings and pence. All law is subtle, divine law and human law, natural and positive law : every law has its nice points. We have conscience indeed for our guide, but not an omniscient guide : on the contrary, conscience cries to be instructed, and often stands perplexed. We may disregard the perplexities of conscience, and act as our humour prompts us, but that is hardly the behaviour of a conscientious man, or of one who has much horror of sin. Much better bring our reason to bear on studying the path of duty. After all, it concerns us more to know the path of duty than the paths of the stars. Yet Astronomy is an honourable science : so also should be Moral Theology, or if you will, Casuistry.

There is a difference between a theoretical and a practical casuist. The difference is this, that the latter, with all the knowledge of the former, has also an eye to take in all the relevant circumstances that attach to the case in hand, and has, moreover, the invaluable moral gift of being able to make up his mind. There are men, stored with erudition, who can never give you a plain *you may* or *you may not* in any perplexity of conscience. They will tell you what consideration to add in,

and what to subtract, but they never can trust themselves to pronounce what the reckoning comes to. Such theoretical advisers are useful to intelligent people, who can imbibe their erudition, and thence make up their minds for themselves: but they are no use as guides to the common run of humanity.

It follows that the endowments of the Confessor and of the Moral Theologian are not quite identical. The Confessor must be a practical casuist, such as we have described him, able to make up his mind and to "intue" present facts. This intuition of the facts of the case is matter of considerable tact. The facts of any case met with in a book of Moral Theology are described by an expert: they are reliable, and they are *all* the facts. But the one witness in the tribunal of Penance, the penitent himself, is often anything but an expert in moral matters, often obtuse of perception and incoherent in his explanations, often frightened and shy, often self-deceived, and sometimes something of a wilful deceiver. The Confessor has to take his measure of his man, and calculate the import of what he hears accordingly. This power of divining the facts of the case is quite as important as the knowledge of the principles to judge them by.

Lastly, besides moral theology and insight and tact and decision, the Confessor needs some measure of personal holiness, not certainly for the validity of his absolution, but for the security of his direction. It must be borne in mind that the Confessional is intended, not merely to withdraw souls from sin, but to lead them on to greater and greater good. It justifies the sinner and perfects the saint. But on this road of positive goodness, holiness and perfection, he must prove an indifferent guide, whose own steps and longing eyes are not at all set that way.

J. R.

## *The alleged Antiquity of Anglicanism.*

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### THIRD ARTICLE.—WHICH MODERN CHURCH IS IN CONTINUITY WITH THE CHURCH OF THE NORMAN AND PLANTAGENET PERIOD?

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HAVING ascertained the principles on which the constitution of the ancient Church was based, we are able to pass to the Reformation period, and estimate the nature of its changes so far as they bear on the rival claims to continuity with the past of the modern Anglicans and the English Catholics.

Lord Selborne commences this division of his argument with the following passage, under the heading, "Continuity of the Church :"

Professor Freeman has justly observed that there was not in England, as some people seem to think, some one act done at a definite time, called the Reformation. What is so called is the sum total of certain changes, which extended over many years. . . . The . . . legislation of Henry the Eighth's reign had for its object nothing else than the exclusion of Papal power, and the establishment of the supremacy of the British Crown, not over a new Church then created, but over the old then existing Church of England. Not one ecclesiastical corporation, except the monasteries—no Archbishopric, no parochial Rectory or Vicarage—was dissolved; none except certain Conventual Chapters of Cathedrals, and a few Collegiate Churches, were so much even as remodelled. . . . "There was no moment" (I use Professor Freeman's words<sup>1</sup>) "when the State, as many people fancy, took the Church property from one religious body and gave it to another. . . . The general taking from one religious body and giving to another, which many people fancy took place under Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth, simply never happened at all. . . ." The jurisdiction of all "Ordinaries" in England—the Courts of all the Archdeacons, Bishops, and Archbishops, and their officials and commissaries—went on as before, administering the same system of law, in the same causes and matters, with the same assistance from, and subject to the same control by, the King's Courts. . . . Very few individuals even refused to

<sup>1</sup> *Disestablishment and Disendowment* (1885) pp. 21—23.

submit to the new laws thus made, or lost their preferments in consequence of them. That new laws should be from time to time made, in matters ecclesiastical as well as civil, was and always had been an incident both of the ecclesiastical and of the civil state, no more involving the dissolution or reconstruction of the one than of the other. The Convocations of the Clergy, constituted and convened as before, continued to meet as before with every Parliament; they synodically agreed to (and generally anticipated) all, or nearly all, measures of importance affecting the Church, which were then taken in Parliament. What was not pulled down was not, and could not be, "reconstructed" . . . Even the partisans of the Papacy continued to conform to the Church of England, till the eleventh year of Elizabeth. . . . When the separation actually took place in the eleventh year of Elizabeth, the seceders who obeyed the orders of the Pope were (as they have ever since been in England) few and insignificant, in comparison with the great mass of the clergy and lay people who still remained in the English Church. . . . No idea could be more repugnant to the intention and understanding of King Henry the Eighth and his Parliaments (as apparent from their repeated declarations and acts) than that of either creating a new Church, or "reconstructing" the old. No evidence of the continuity and identity of the Reformed Church of England with the Church of Augustin and of all the centuries after his time, could be clearer or more decisive than that afforded by those statutes in which some pretend to find proofs to the contrary (*Defence &c.*, pp. 27—30).

Lord Selborne goes on to quote passages from Henry the Eighth's legislation, which unquestionably disclaim the intention to interrupt continuity. For instance, in the Act against Peter's Pence, it is said that the King, his nobles, and subjects,

Do not intend to decline or vary from the Congregation of Christ's Church in anything concerning the very articles of the Catholic faith of Christendom, or in any other thing declared by Holy Scriptures and the Word of God necessary to their salvation: but only to make an ordinance by policies necessary and convenient to repress vice, and for good conservation of this realm in peace, unity, and tranquillity . . . *insuing much the old ancient customs of this realm in that behalf.*<sup>2</sup>

We have quoted from this passage at such length, because the point is one on which Anglicans lay stress. But what does it prove? No one denies that the major part of the nation eventually passed over to Anglicanism. It is only denied that this is relevant. When a split takes place in a community

<sup>2</sup> 25 Hen. VIII. cap. 21. The other statutes cited are 23 Hen. VIII. cap. 20, and 24 Hen. VIII. cap. 12.

hitherto united, continuity with the past follows those who remain faithful to the traditions of the past, and these are not necessarily in a majority. Have Anglicans forgotten the teaching of the prophets of Israel and their Doctrine of the Remnant? Must Liberal Unionists either maintain their numerical superiority over their opponents, or else at once resign all claim to be called "the Liberal party?" Nor, again, does it matter in the least whether the intrusion of the new incumbents was effected at a single stroke by the expulsion of those in previous possession, or gradually as the vacancies fell in. In either case the eventual result was the transference of the offices (and endowments) from the adherents of the Old to those of the New Creed. Thirdly, no one denies that from the Archbishops downwards the old organization was retained almost in its entirety. But the summit of the old organization was the Pope, not the Archbishops. It is misleading, it is begging the question, to enumerate with much fulness the details of the ecclesiastical fabric, and omit all mention of the one feature on whose retention or rejection, in the estimation of opponents, the determination of the controversy hinges. Let us suppose that the Presbyterians who during the Commonwealth displaced the Anglican incumbents and abolished their Bishops, had succeeded in definitively establishing themselves. What if afterwards they had claimed that it was they who were in true continuity with the past, appealing in proof to their retention of the previous parochial organization, but omitting all mention of the suppression of the episcopate? It may perhaps be urged in Lord Selborne's defence, that his controversy is only indirectly with the Catholics: that it is directly with the Liberationists, who are in agreement with him as to the non-necessity of submission to the Papacy. But this would be hardly correct. Liberationists may not themselves believe in the necessity of such submission, still they maintain that the belief of the Old Church on the subject is an essential factor in the decision of the controversy about continuity. Our own concern, however, with Lord Selborne's presentment of his argument is not so much with the construction which it purports itself to bear, as with the construction notoriously placed upon it by those Anglicans who accept it as a victorious statement of their case against Catholics. There is still a fourth criticism to be passed on the passage quoted. How is the question affected by the professions of Henry the Eighth and his Parliaments? No one denies that they disavowed the intention to break with



the past. Of course they did. They had to deal with a people which had no desire to sever itself from Catholic unity, and the most politic course was to persuade it that this was not intended. But did the result of the mutilations correspond with the alleged intention? That is the point to be determined, and the criterion by which it is to be determined is neither the feigned creed of Henry the Eighth nor the sincere creed of modern Anglicans, but the creed of the ancient Church. It is not to their present views as to what constitutes true Liberalism, but to the principles professed by Liberals before the split, that appeal is made by the rival sections which claim to be in legitimate continuity with the historic past of that great political party.

Now that the question has been set on its true basis, the decision is not far to seek. The creed of the previous age believed communion with the Pope to be indispensable, and its Church was constituted on this principle. But communion with the Pope was interrupted at the Reformation by those who introduced the Anglican system. Therefore Anglicanism is discontinuous with the old Church. Here is a short and simple syllogism, with a broad and patent fact for its minor. But really it contains all that is essential to decide the question. We may consider that the breach was justified; that the older communion had travelled so widely from the creed of earlier times as to become itself a society discontinuous with the primitive Church; we may consider, if we like, that it had corrupted so essentially the faith once delivered as to have forfeited all claim to be a portion of the true Church at all. These are matters to be determined upon other grounds. But whatever may be the truth about them, one thing remains certain as the obvious inference from the evidence of the earlier faith which has been submitted, that between the Church of England which preceded and the "Church of England" which succeeded the Reformation, there lies a chasm of difference in creed and constitution too wide to permit of their being regarded as in moral continuity.

Since this is so, we are really under no necessity of dealing any further with the Reformation period. It may even seem dangerous to add anything to what has been said, lest attention should be diverted from the one point which in sound logic is decisive. Still this a danger which ceases as soon as it is pointed out; and, on the other hand, it is good to realize how much the

origins of Anglicanism are tainted with Erastianism. We shall, therefore, call attention to some facts which show that the object of the "Reform" was not to liberate the native episcopate from superior spiritual authority, but to transfer the highest spiritual authority from the Papacy to the Crown.

## II.

The separation began in A.D. 1534.<sup>3</sup> In that year the Parliament ordered that the King "shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England."<sup>4</sup> The assumption of the title was intended expressly to exclude the supreme jurisdiction of the Pope: but it might seem that a Parliamentary statute did not commit the Church, especially as less than a third of the Prelates joined in its enactment. However, in this same year formal renunciations of Papal authority were obtained (of course under stringent pressure) from both Convocations and from the two Universities. These bodies also, together with very large numbers of the clergy, secular and regular, were compelled during the same year to take an oath of succession, to which a clause of similar renunciation was annexed, and on the 9th of June the King could say in his "Proclamation for the abolishing of the usurped power of the Pope," that

This title and style (of Supreme Head) both the bishops and clergy of this our realm have not only in Convocation assembled consented, recognized, and approved lawfully and justly to appertain unto us, but also by word, oath, and profession, and writing under their signs and seals have confessed, ratified and corroborated the same. . . .<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Lord Selborne says "it was during the primacy of Archbishop Warham (not Cranmer) that the Convocations of both provinces of Canterbury and York formally acknowledged the King's 'Supreme Headship' of the Church of England: that of Canterbury unanimously, in 1530-31: that of York in May, 1531, under protest from Tunstall, who nevertheless retained his see of Durham, &c." (*Defence* &c. p. 31). This is true, but the title was not at that time clearly understood to claim Headship in *spirituals*. It was found objectionable because ambiguous. This was the ground of Tunstall's exception to it (Cf. Wilkins, iii. 745), as also of the clause "as far as the law of Christ permits," which the Convocation insisted on inserting. Warham protested on his death-bed (in A.D. 1532) against being supposed to approve of the recent legislation in Parliament, so far as it "was in derogation of the Roman Pontiff and the Apostolic See, &c." (Wilkins, *ibid.* p. 746). Had he understood the words forced upon the Convocation to be thus derogatory, he must in consistency have included them in his protest. Fuller information on the point treated in this note may be obtained from *The Life of Blessed John Fisher*, by Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., chap. ix.

<sup>4</sup> 26 Henry VIII. cap. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Wilkins, iii. 772.

Nor did Henry rest content with declarations and oaths which he quite understood to be unwilling and insincere. An order was at once issued to the Bishops to preach and to have preached in their dioceses sermons in defence of the new dogma : and means were taken to secure obedience. In the previous year measures had been taken by the Legislature<sup>6</sup> to stay the inflow of jurisdiction from Rome by prohibiting the Bishops-elect from procuring Bulls of Confirmation. In A.D. 1536, this design was completed by requiring those who had previously received Bulls to surrender them into the King's hands. There were other statutes and injunctions of great though less moment tending in the same direction. Thus by A.D. 1536 at the latest, as far as the King, the Legislature, and a large portion of the clergy were concerned, the separation from Rome was accomplished. In the reign of Mary all this was reversed, but it was restored again under Elizabeth.<sup>7</sup>

What was the nature of the position which resulted ? There can be no doubt how Henry understood his new office : none, but that it was accepted by the higher clergy in the same sense as by the King. The King had succeeded to the authority which the Pope had lost. He was "Supreme Head . . . with full power to visit, &c., which *by any manner of spiritual authority* might or may be lawfully reformed."<sup>8</sup> The language is clear and it is sweeping. No room is left for any exception, none for any collateral and independent authority in the Archbishop : for if there were such, since no longer subjected to the Papacy, it would be supreme in a certain order and the King would not be "the *only* Supreme Head on earth of the English Church." Plenty of illustration of this can be obtained from the character of the administration that followed. Thus Cromwell was made the King's Vicar General for ecclesiastical affairs, a sort of *legatus a latere*, holding the same intermediary position between the Bishops and the King, that Wolsey had held between the Bishops and the Pope. The Commission appointed him to the office with special authorization to undertake a visitation of the entire English Church. It is too lengthy

<sup>6</sup> 25 Henry VIII. cap. 20.

<sup>7</sup> The title of Supreme Head was not indeed resumed, as the Queen disliked it ; but that of Supreme Governor was retained with declarations showing that the difference between the two was (as it truly was) a difference in name only, not in the thing claimed.

<sup>8</sup> 26 Henry VIII. cap. 1.

to quote. But the style is quite that of a Commission emanating from the Pope and addressed to an ecclesiastic. It subjects to Cromwell's authority all orders of the clergy, archbishops not excepted: gives him power to cite them before him on all matters which in any way belong to the *forum ecclesiasticum*: to inquire into their lives, and if necessary to correct them with suitable punishments "both by censures and ecclesiastical punishments and also by the imposition of fines:" to hold Synods, Convocations, &c., "in our name and with our authority:" to accept resignations, confirm or annul elections: to institute, and invest persons presented to benefices and prelaties.<sup>9</sup>

It was suggested by Ap Rice and Legh, two of Cromwell's underlings in this visitation, that whilst it lasted, the Archbishops and Bishops should have their jurisdiction withdrawn. Such a withdrawal, it was urged, would serve excellently to convince them of the source whence their jurisdiction came.<sup>10</sup> The suggestion was accepted, and the form of inhibition addressed to the Archbishops and through them promulgated to the Bishops may be read in Wilkins.<sup>11</sup>

Still more striking is the language by which the suspended jurisdiction is restored.

Henry the Eighth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, Defender of the faith, Lord of Ireland, and Supreme Head on earth under Christ of the Church of England, to the Reverend Father in Christ Edward (Fox) Bishop of Hereford, greeting. Since all authority to declare the law and every sort of jurisdiction (*omnis juris dicendi auctoritas atque etiam jurisdictio omnimoda*), both that called ecclesiastical and that called secular, has emanated primarily from the Royal Power, as from the supreme head and fountain of all offices of rule within our Kingdom: it is becoming that those who hitherto have exercised this kind of jurisdiction only in a precarious manner, should gratefully acknowledge the favour thus granted them by the royal liberality, attribute it solely to the royal munificence, and surrender it willingly as often as shall seem good to that majesty. . . . We have determined to commit and to grant to you vicarial authority under ourselves (*vice nostras*). . . .<sup>12</sup>

He goes on to authorize him to ordain, and institute clerics, to hear and decide causes belonging to the ecclesiastical courts,

<sup>9</sup> Wilkins, iii. pp. 784-785.

<sup>10</sup> Collier's *Eccles. Hist.* pt. ii. bk. ii. p. 105, edit. of 1708. <sup>11</sup> *Ibid.* p. 797.

<sup>12</sup> Wilkins, iii. 797.

"with power to use all suitable and ecclesiastical coercion." There is indeed one clause which might be caught at by Anglicans. Power is given "to execute in our stead, in our name, and by our authority, all things necessary, . . . or in any way opportune, save such as are known to be divinely intrusted to you by the Sacred Scriptures." But since everything else which could fall under the category of spiritual jurisdiction is mentioned in the document, it is plain that the qualifying clause can refer only to the functions of the power of Order and its accessories: that is, it was not meant that when the Bishop said Mass he was acting as the King's substitute.<sup>13</sup> This is besides the one exception which Henry acknowledges in his letter to the Northern prelates in exposition of his claim.<sup>14</sup> The Commission goes on to state that the faculties granted are to hold "during our pleasure." It must be observed that these Letters Patent were not only granted, but also accepted and acted upon, and that not by Fox only, but by the Bishops generally. So thoroughly did they respond to its tenour and spirit, that when required on the accession of Edward the Sixth to renew their commissions, they consented without difficulty. The text of the renewal to Cranmer thus obtained is extant, and agrees in its wording with that above given (with the addition of clauses conveying metropolitan power); and the practice continued till the accession of Mary.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>13</sup> See Collier (*ibid.* bk. iv. p. 219), where the same conclusion is drawn.

<sup>14</sup> Wilkins, iii. 763.

<sup>15</sup> Collier, *ibid.* And for the form, see Wilkins, iv. 2. Sufficient illustration of Henry's idea of his office has been given in the text. But his Act of erection of Canterbury is too delightful to be omitted. "We, inspired by the Divine clemency and having nothing more at heart than that the true religion and the true worship of God should be there . . . restored, . . . have determined that on the site of the said monastery, to the glory and honour of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, a Cathedral and Metropolitan Church, consisting of one priest-dean and twelve prebendaries, also priests, to serve Almighty God entirely and for ever, shall be created, chosen, founded, and established; and by the tenour of these presents we really and fully create, erect, found, establish the said Cathedral and Metropolitan Church, and by these presents desire it to be established and inviolably held as such. We wish therefore, and by these presents ordain that the said Cathedral and Metropolitan Church may and shall be for ever the Cathedral and Metropolitan Church and See of Thomas by Divine permission Archbishop of Canterbury and Metropolitan, and his successors Archbishops of Canterbury, and by these presents we adorn the same Cathedral and Metropolitan Church of Christ with the honours and *insignia* of an Archiepiscopal See and a Cathedral and Metropolitan Church" (Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. i. p. 106. Edit. of 1817). According to Dr. Hook, Matthew Parker held in A.D. 1565 a feast at Canterbury, on Trinity Sunday, the titular feast of the Cathedral, "in honour of King Henry the Eighth, of whom it was said, with an audacity in the

The form was changed under Elizabeth, but the statute by which the supremacy was re-enacted declares her to be possessed of the fulness of spiritual jurisdiction with power to delegate, quite as much as were her father and brother before her :

Such jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, and pre-eminences, spiritual and ecclesiastical, *as by any spiritual or ecclesiastical power or authority hath heretofore been*, or may lawfully be, exercised or used for the visitation, &c.<sup>16</sup>

The language is borrowed from the corresponding statute of Henry the Eighth. Lord Selborne says that the power claimed was judicial only (*Defence* &c., p. 40). He argues from the purpose for which it was to be used—"for the visitation of the ecclesiastical state and persons, and for reformation, order, and correction of the same, &c." Even if this were all, it goes a long way. It includes by force of terms the power to inflict ecclesiastical censures, a power which was expressly assumed and delegated by Elizabeth (as by her father previously) in the commissions granted to those who were to carry out the visitations. But the same commissions also convey power which seems administrative, not judicial; and at all events that the royal claim was not limited to the judicial sphere, is clear from the explanation given by Elizabeth of the nature of her Supremacy. She tells us she does not challenge authority and power of ministry of divine service in the Church; but only "to have the sovereignty and rule over all manner of persons . . . either ecclesiastical or temporal."<sup>17</sup> That is, the one thing in the way of power which she disclaims is the power of Order. If she had wished to exclude herself from any other province of the spiritual office, why does she not say so? The language of the Thirty-seventh Article, "Of the Civil Magistrate," is open to precisely the same criticism. In the Oath of Supremacy the Queen is again said without any limitation to be "the only Supreme governor of the realm . . . as well in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal." This oath was

art of flattery seldom surpassed, that he was the restorer and founder of the Church of Canterbury." In the light of this document, which is dated April 8, A.D. 1541, Parker's conduct can hardly be called flattery. But undoubtedly it is not the sort of ground on which Warham and his predecessors would have based their right.

<sup>16</sup> 1 Eliz. cap. i.

<sup>17</sup> Ap. Dodd's *Church History of England*, vol. ii. App. p. cclx. Tierney's edition.



taken by the clergy generally, and as it was presumably taken by them in the sense intended, without any mental restriction, they became committed to the doctrine quite as much as the Parliament.

In the last article reference was made to the *articuli cleri* addressed by the whole episcopate in A.D. 1605, to the Privy Council of James the First. That they are instinct with the same doctrine is clear from the *articulus* there quoted, with which the rest are in perfect harmony. The ecclesiastical and civil courts, they say, are both courts which hold under the King. The jurisdiction exercised in them is in each case his. To this evidence of the view taken as late as A.D. 1605, we may add the amusing dispensation given under authority from James to Archbishop Abbot (A.D. 1621). The Archbishop had accidentally killed a man while he was out shooting in his park. According to the Canon Law, in this particular not yet repealed, he became in consequence "irregular," that is, disqualified to perform any sacred function until absolved. He applies to the King, and the King issues a commission to certain Bishops to give the dispensation.

He (Abbot) humbly supplicated to be dispensed by us from all and every irregularity and brand (*nota*) of irregularity. . . . We command and of our special grace, and our royal authority, supreme and ecclesiastical, . . . grant full faculties and powers by these presents . . . that you may dispense with the same Most Reverend Father in all and every defect of law and fact, and every canonical and ecclesiastical censure or penalty.<sup>18</sup>

This interpretation of the doctrine of Royal Supremacy holds its place to this day in the practical working of the Church Established. Still, with the Caroline divines new ideas came into vogue as speculative opinions, and we are free to confess that anticipatory symptoms of a belief in the direct Divine right of the episcopacy are to be found as far back as the reign of Elizabeth. Collier<sup>19</sup> gives a letter from Sir Francis Knollys to Walsingham, complaining that the Archbishop (Whitgift) and his suffragans admit that they hold their authority "by way of mediation of her Majesty," so far forth as she gives them the bishopric to which it is annexed; but that,

<sup>18</sup> Wilkins, iv. 463

<sup>19</sup> *Op. cit.* App. p. 100. The letter is dated March 20, 1588.

the bishopric once obtained, they consider themselves to hold authority directly *jure divino*. Knollys thinks their reasons very weak, and their doctrine "to the prejudice of her (the Queen's) supreme government, and to the light regard of the opening the highway to Popery, to be made by the Jesuits to follow upon the same." He recommends the Queen to bid them declare their minds, and "then I do verily think that they durst not stand to their claimed superiority." We may be sure Knollys was right in his judgment, and after all the mood was but transient and uninfluential. The way in which Knollys refers to it is evidence that the opposite doctrine, such as we have expounded it, was the exoteric doctrine of the public formularies. Anglicans have then to face this fact, that whatever ideas may have come into fashion in later days, for about a hundred years their Church was "immersed in the most abominable" Erastianism.

### III.

Continuity with the past was interrupted as regards the Church Established. Was it preserved in another portion of the nation, that is to say among the English Catholics? Lord Selborne has told us in the passage quoted above (p. 195) that the "partisans of the Papacy" conformed like the rest of the nation till the eleventh year of Elizabeth, when the Bull of Pius the Fifth excommunicating the "Queen and her loyal subjects" was published: that they were a comparatively insignificant portion of the general population and had "no proper ecclesiastical organization for more than half a century" afterwards: and that "even when Vicars Apostolic were placed over them (one in A.D. 1621 and four in A.D. 1688) their government was by immediate delegation from Rome without any diocesan episcopacy" (*Defence &c.*, p. 29). Thus, whatever may be said of the claims of the more imposing communion, at all events this rudimentary and brand-new organization had no claim to be regarded as continuous with the organization of previous times. The same doctrine is stated more bluntly by the leaflet of the Church Defence Institution, entitled, *The Church of England never Roman Catholic*, to which reference was made in our first article.

At the Reformation, . . . of 9,800 clergy only 186 refused to assent to the Reformed Offices in 1559. The Roman Catholics of

to-day are the descendants and successors of the few who did not accept the changes made at the Reformation and who were in fact the first Dissenters from the Church of England.

This surprising doctrine about our position in the country finds great favour among Anglicans just now. What is to be said about it? In the first place, let it be remembered that even if it could be admitted as a true interpretation of the historical facts, the legitimacy of our ecclesiastical status would in no sense be impaired. Primarily and essentially, continuity of growth is maintained through the trunk, not the branch. The modern branch is of the same growth with the past, as long as it springs from the same trunk, even though it be not identical with, but succeeds into the place of, the branch which previously overshadowed the same ground. As long as we draw our ecclesiastical life from the same unfailing line of Pontiffs whence our ancestors drew theirs, we have all the continuity with them which is essential. Still, if not for the justification of our own position, at least in defence of the fidelity of our English Catholic forefathers, it is incumbent upon us to show that we can trace even through them an unbroken descent from the grand past—that our country possessed in them “a holy seed” preserved through many dangers, many temptations and persecutions, in order that it might bear continuous witness to the truth and grow up again to such proportions as God’s good Providence may design to grant.

It is asserted that until a certain date the “partisans of the Papacy” accepted the changes made at the Reformation. We are not expressly favoured with the starting point from which this period of conformity is to be reckoned. Presumably the starting point intended is the year when Henry the Eighth withdrew his allegiance from Rome; that is, the year A.D. 1534. We can afford to be generous and shall eventually accept this supposition. Meanwhile we shall assert our right to reckon rather from the accession of Elizabeth. Under Mary the work of Henry the Eighth was undone and the previous condition restored. From A.D. 1534 to A.D. 1569, which is the eleventh year of Elizabeth, we get, after deducting the five years of Mary’s reign, only thirty years, no excessive allowance of time for the reign of confusion and uncertainty, which amidst changes so unprecedented and abnormal might be expected to prevail, before the true significance of things could be generally grasped and the proper course of conduct determined. But as we start

from the accession of Elizabeth the thirty years must be reduced to eleven. Even that cannot be allowed. It is not true to say that "the partisans of the Papacy" conformed till A.D. 1569 when the Bull of Excommunication forbade them. This notion seems to have originated with Coke in his *Reports*.

From the first untill the eleventh yeare of the late Queen Elizabeth's raigne no person of what persuasion of Christian religion soever, at anie time refused to come to the publicke Divine Service celebrated in the Church of England, being evidently grounded upon the sacred and infallible Word of Almighty God and established by publicke authority within this realme. But after the Bull of Pius Quintus was published against her Majesty in the said 11 yeare of her raigne, . . . all they that depended on the Pope, obaied the Bull, disobaied their gracious and natural Soveraigne, and upon this refused to come to Church.<sup>20</sup>

Coke was not a man to mind a lie if it suited his purpose and in this case Father Persons accuses him of the very malignant purpose of seeking to make out that Catholics, by continuing to absent themselves from Protestant worship under James the First, gave evident proof that they disowned his sovereignty because of the Bull.<sup>21</sup> If the two events, the publication of the Bull and the commencement of abstention from service, synchronized, the synchronism was accidental, or at all events incidental. The Bull excommunicates and deposes Elizabeth. It says nothing about abstention from Protestant service. So far as it is evidence on this matter, it is evidence that the practice it is said to have introduced had long been in existence. The ground of the deposition is the cruel persecution to which the Catholics were subjected by the Queen. But they would not have been persecuted if they had conformed. And, in fact, the refusal to go to church dates from the commencement of the reign, that is from the first introduction of the new services.

Hee that shall but caste backe the eye of his memorie (writes Father Persons in A.D. 1606) upon the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's raigne, and shall consider how many Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Heads of Colledges, Chanons, Priests, Schollers, Religious persons of divers sortes and sexes, gentle-men, gentle-weomen, and others did refuse openly to conforme themselves to that new change of Religion then made, and published by authority of the said Queen,

<sup>20</sup> *Reports*, part 5, fol. 34, 35.

<sup>21</sup> Of course the Bull only referred to Elizabeth.

at the beginning of her raigne; will marvaile how and in what sense, and whether in jest or earnest, sleeping or waking, Mr. Attorney set downe in writing so generall a negative assertion. For that he shall see so many convictions thereof, as there be particular witnesses of credit against him in that behalfe. And truly it seemeth, that either he was an infant or unborne at that time, and hath understood little of those affaires since, or els forgot himself much now, in affirming so resolutely a proposition refutable by so infinite testimonies.<sup>22</sup>

As early as A.D. 1562, that is four years after the Queen's accession, a request for guidance in this matter of "conformity" was addressed to the Council of Trent. An account of the incident is to be read in Father Henry More's *Historia Missionis Anglicanæ S.J.*<sup>23</sup> From him we learn what the circumstances were. Attendance in the parish churches at certain services was enjoined under penalties.<sup>24</sup> To avoid the penalties some Catholics thought it might be lawful to attend, arguing that the bare fact of their presence did not involve any conformity or approval of the services. If you were in Turkey, they urged, you might go into a Mosque to see how things were done, without on that account becoming a Mohammedan. Were not the cases parallel? The more fervent and enlightened maintained that there was a difference. The attendance in question was prescribed by authority, as a formal act of adhesion to the new order. Under such conditions it bore a construction from which it was impossible to disengage oneself, even by a formal protest. There was the further danger of sinking gradually into conformity under the strong influences of the associations formed. It was this latter class of Catholics who sought instruction from the Council, and they say expressly in their petition that they had themselves never attended on account of the reasons stated: that they would continue as they had done at all risks, if the Council judged right: but that they would, of course, be only too glad to escape the penalties of recusancy if this were possible without sacrifice of conscience. The Council could not sanction the practice, and the result of its reply was a marked increase in the number of "recusants." Still the duty was hard for flesh and blood to submit to, and it was not till much later, and after much exhortation and remonstrance, that the evil practice was finally abandoned. Among the exhortations which co-operated towards this result was one from St. Pius the Fifth, given three years

<sup>22</sup> *Answer to the Fifth Part of Reportes*, p. 370.

<sup>23</sup> Pp. 64, &c.

<sup>24</sup> 1 Eliz. cap. 2.

before the publication of the Bull.<sup>25</sup> It was to this rather than to the Bull, which does not refer to the matter, that any increase in the number of abstentions from service about that time was due.

From what has been said, it is clear, not only that there were many even from the first who did not attend Protestant worship, but also that the inference from attendance to intentional conformity is without warrant. They went to church because they imagined that this was consistent with refusal to conform; and when they discovered that it was not, they ceased to attend.

There were, then, some who never gave up their ancient faith, and these were quite enough to preserve continuity. Whether they were few or many is unessential. Still we cannot submit to the gross understatement of the numbers given in the *Church Defence* leaflet quoted above, (p. 204). The precise numbers 186 and 9,800 (or 189 and 9,400?) come from Camden apparently. They are most misleading. In the appendix to Dodds *Church History of England*, may be found "an imperfect catalogue of deans, &c.," which gives the names of 182 who were deprived, although it excludes the bishops at one end, and all below "dignified ecclesiastics" on the other. It is still more remarkable that the significance attaching to the condition of these men should be ignored by our opponents. They consist of all the hierarchy (with the imperfect exception of Kitchen), and according to Dodd's incomplete list, 14 deans, 10 archdeacons, 7 chancellors, 25 heads and 37 fellows of colleges, 35 prebendaries, 44 dignified ecclesiastics, and 18 superiors of religious houses and schools. One would have thought that even on Anglican principles of church government, continuity should be held to pass with them rather than with the less representative members of the clergy.<sup>26</sup> However, there is a still more serious vice in the estimate. It confounds under its cautious wording the number deprived, with the number of those who refused to conform.

Mr. Green writes :

The higher dignitaries were unsparingly dealt with. The bishops who with a single exception refused to take the oath, were imprisoned and deprived. The same measure was dealt out to most of the arch-

<sup>25</sup> See *Letter of Father Laurence Vaux*, dated Nov. 2, A.D. 1566, S.P.O., Dom. Eliz. vol. xli. art. 1. Ap. *The Rambler* for A.D. 1857, p. 403.

<sup>26</sup> Anglicans sometimes attempt to escape this difficulty by calling the Marian Bishops intruders. But their predecessors in the sees held office, as we have seen, only *ad beneplacitum*, and Mary had as much right to appoint as her father and brother.



deacons and deans. But with the mass of the parish priests a very different course was taken. The Commissioners appointed in May, 1559, were found to be too zealous in October, and several of the clerical members were replaced by cooler laymen. The great bulk of the clergy seem neither to have refused nor to have consented to the oath, but to have left the Commissioners' summons unheeded, and to have stayed quietly at home. Of the nine thousand four hundred beneficed clergy, only a tenth presented themselves before the Commissioners. Of those who attended and refused the oath, a hundred and eighty-nine were deprived, but many of the most prominent went unharmed.<sup>27</sup>

Mr. Simpson has been at the pains to make some calculations from the State Papers, and reports :

In the visitation of the province of York in August and September, 1559, out of 90 clergymen summoned, 21 came and took the oath, 36 came and refused to swear, 17 were absent without proctors, and 16 were absent with proctors. Yet of the 36, the lists of Bridgewater and Sanders only contain 5 names; of the 17, 4; of the 16, 7. If those lists are perfect, it proves that the rest were connived at and perhaps retained their livings till their death. In the province of Canterbury, we hear of the Dean and Canons of Winchester Cathedral, the Warden and Fellows of the College, and the Master of St. Cross, all refusing the oath. Yet only four of them are in Bridgewater's list. The visitors returned for the whole province the totals of 49 recusants, and 786 conformists, significantly omitting the absentees. Thus, out of 8911 parishes, and 9400 beneficed clergymen, we find only 806 subscribers, while all the bishops and 85 others expressly refused to subscribe, and the rest were absentees. The assertion, then, of Camden, that only 189 clergymen were deprived in this visitation, proves nothing.<sup>28</sup>

From the number of the clergy who remained faithful, it is possible to infer the number of the laity. Recent historians are agreed that at the accession of Elizabeth the sympathies of the nation were with the Catholic religion. The towns and seaports were infected with the new ideas, but the country districts remained attached to the old faith. If in time the change was wrought even among these, this was the result not of conviction, but of persecution aided by the lapse of time. Elizabeth was shrewd enough to play a waiting game. She applied pressure from the first to the points where it would be likely to tell most, and increased

<sup>27</sup> *History of English People*, vol. ii. p. 305, edit. of 1878.

<sup>28</sup> *Edmund Campion*. By Richard Simpson, 1867, p. 139. See also *The Rambler* for A.D. 1857 in a review of Flanagan's *Church History of England*, pp. 345, ff.

it as time ran on. But she was always careful lest it should be so excessive as to drive too large a portion of the nation into desperation. She preferred to await the dying out of those in influential positions whom she might then quietly replace with creatures of her own: the dying out of the Marian priests, which would leave the Catholics without pastors: and the springing up of a generation with less vivid memories of Catholic days, and proportionately more pliant to her hand. Thus it came to pass that, as the Cardinal Archbishop has so often insisted, England did not lose her faith, but was robbed of it.

Nevertheless, the Queen was not able completely to eradicate the old faith. The Marian priests, who refused to conform, worked bravely.

For the first sixteen years of the schism, from A.D. 1558 to A.D. 1574, it (the preservation of the faith) was due to the priests, some regular, but mostly secular, ordained in the previous reigns, and to them alone. Some of these, as Bishop Watson, Abbot Feckenham, and Dr. Nicholas Harpsfield, from the prisons to which they were confined for the remainder of their days, bore witness to the Catholic faith for which they suffered. Others, exiles from their native country on account of their religion, aided from abroad by their writings the Catholic cause in England. But a large number, especially of the parochial clergy, remained steadfast at their posts, and through the long night of danger and persecution watched like true pastors over their flocks. Such a one, for example, was the Rev. John Peel, of whom the (Douay) Diary records, on the occasion of a visit which he paid to Douay in May, 1576, that "he had laboured for sixteen years in England at the peril of his life, reconciling to the Catholic faith those who had gone astray, and animating others to perseverance." And many more there were whose names have not been recorded, and whose quiet labours lived only in their fruits.<sup>29</sup>

Dr. Dodd says:

There was not a province through all England, where several of Queen Mary's clergy did not reside, and were commonly called the old priests. They served as chaplains in private families. Their names and places of residence I have frequently met with, in the manuscripts I perused in composing this work. Again, several Catholic clergymen found such friends as to be permitted to enjoy sinecures, without being disturbed by oaths and other injunctions.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>29</sup> Douay Diaries, First and Second. Edited by Thos. F. Knox, D.D. Preface, p. lxi.

<sup>30</sup> Op. cit. vol. ii. p. 141.

And the preface to the Diaries again :

Even so late as in 1596 it was calculated that forty or fifty of these ancient priests were still labouring in England. If so many remained after thirty-eight years of persecution, their number must have been very large indeed during the first sixteen years of the schism.<sup>31</sup>

Long before these died out, Douay and the other English Colleges abroad began to pour in their supplies. The first seminary priests landed in A.D. 1574; in A.D. 1596 they reached the number of 300. The Jesuit stream commenced in A.D. 1580, and other orders joined later in the good work.<sup>32</sup> Lord Selborne lays stress on the absence of organization. They were not a Church, he seems to say, till they had become incorporated under episcopal government. This was not necessary. The relation to the Holy See was preserved, and this by itself is all that was needed to endow them with the full rights which attach to membership of the Catholic Church. Their Catholicity would not have been impaired had they been obliged to remain, as the faithful remnant of Japanese Catholics were obliged to remain, for centuries without pastors. We have seen, however, that they had pastors who of course were labouring under the direction and authority of the Holy See. The Marian Bishops, owing to the confinement in which they were kept, were scarcely able to exercise their jurisdiction. But new arrangements were gradually made. In A.D. 1566 we find Dr. Nicholas Sanders and Dr. Thomas Harding acting as apostolic delegates,<sup>33</sup> and later on Cardinal Allen received ample faculties to govern ecclesiastically those whom he sent to the mission. Then came the archpriests, and eventually the Vicars Apostolic in our own days to flower once more into a restored Hierarchy.

Enough has been said to vindicate the unbroken continuity of our descent from the English Church as it stood in Queen Mary's days. A few words are all that we can give in redemption of the promise made to deal with the nineteen years which intervened between the separation under Henry the Eighth (A.D. 1534) and the death of Edward the Sixth (A.D. 1553). A few words, however, are all that is required. If at the accession of Elizabeth the adherents of the Old Faith were

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.* p. lxii.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.* p. 378, in a Report by Father Holt, S.J. dated A.D. 1596.

<sup>33</sup> *Letter of Father Laurence Vaux*, ap. *The Rambler*, loc. cit.

in a large majority, still more must this have been the case at the earlier date. Mr. Gairdner's well-known words will be sufficient evidence of this :

All would have been to little purpose if the King had not been prepared to vindicate his new authority by something more than declarations and enactments; and the seven months of which this volume contains the record (*i.e.*, seven months of 1535), beheld a series of appalling executions, which completely subdued in England all spirit of resistance, while abroad it filled the minds of Romanists and Protestants alike with horror and indignation. That the nation disliked the change, as it disliked the cause of the change, there can be very little doubt. On no other subject during the whole reign, have we such overt and repeated expressions of dissatisfaction with the King and his proceedings.<sup>34</sup>

All spirit of resistance was subdued. That is to say, although external submission was widely prevalent, adherence to the old creed and to the Supreme Headship of the Pope was cherished at heart. This implies that there were also numbers, absolutely if not relatively, large, who refused in any way to conform exteriorly. The creed of an earnest nation is sure to find many hearts who will render it a perfect allegiance. Why then did they not break away from the existing Church now that it had become tainted with schism? This, as far as we can make out, is the Anglican difficulty. But, to begin with, the uninstructed, who formed the great majority of the nation, may well have failed for a long time to perceive that schism had been contracted. Henry was careful to make no substantial alterations in the service-book. The monasteries were suppressed and many shrines destroyed. But the Mass went on the same as ever. There were still the seven sacraments, the invocation of the saints, prayers for the dead, the celebration of the traditional festivals. On the other hand the significance of Bulls of confirmation, of oaths of supremacy, and such like forms, would not be appreciable to people of this class. They would perceive that there was something wrong; some serious quarrel with the Pope: some incident of the quarrel over the Divorce. But its practical bearing on their own position would easily pass their comprehension. Even those who did comprehend that a separation from the unity of Christendom was involved, may be excused if they did not at once deduce a consequent obligation

<sup>34</sup> *Letters and Papers, For. and Dom. Henry VIII.* vol. viii. Preface, p. 1.

of withdrawing from communion with the schismatics. To start a separate organization for religious worship has become a familiar phenomenon to our age, but it was most unfamiliar at the commencement of the Reformation. The conjuncture of affairs was abnormal and unprecedented. It was not easy to determine what should be done: and whilst men are in perplexity what to do, the *status quo* continues.

It may still be urged, there were surely some clear-sighted enough to understand exactly what ought to have been done. Why did not they break away? But what is meant by breaking-away? There were priests who had never taken the oath or otherwise identified themselves with the schism. These may have been few or many, sparsely or thickly scattered over the country, but they certainly existed. Some held jurisdiction direct from the Holy See, as the mendicants. Others, as the parish priests, in virtue of their office. These did not lose it by the mere fact that the Bishops lapsed into schism. Dependency on the Holy See as a source of jurisdiction still remained. To the ministrations of such as these the faithful could and should, as they undoubtedly did, have recourse, where the opportunity offered. The churches again, where such men ministered, had not as yet ceased to be lawful places of resort. The schism had no claim on them and it had obtained no actual possession of them. They lay outside it. When opportunities like these were wanting, a safe course for good Catholics to follow would have been one merely negative, till some arrangement could be made by competent spiritual authority for the supply of their spiritual wants. Who can say that this course was not followed by large numbers?

The Bull of Paul the Third is appealed to by Lord Selborne, as though this had some bearing on the question. It has none at all. The criticism already made on the Bull of St. Pius the Fifth needs to be repeated here. The Bull excommunicated the Sovereign and enjoined all his subjects to withdraw their allegiance. We cannot discuss now the precise nature of the obligation thus imposed. It was certainly not an obligation requiring each individual to initiate resistance; still less one to withhold that measure of obedience which is due even to a *de facto* government. It placed the kingdom under an interdict and so far forth prohibited the celebration of the Divine Offices in the kingdom; but it does not contain a word to withdraw the faithful from the authority of one set of pastors

to place them under that of another, nor a word to condemn churches where the Catholic worship was still carried on in the old way.

We claim now to have proved that Anglicanism is discontinuous, whilst English Catholicism is continuous, with the Church of our forefathers as it existed during the Norman and Plantagenet age. The next step shall be backwards to the time of St. Augustine and his more immediate successors. We shall show that the Reformation cannot even claim to be a reversion to the system which prevailed in the English Church at the time of its commencements.

S. F. S.



### *Laguna de los Padres.*

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THE Lake of the Fathers, which takes its name from a Jesuit settlement of the eighteenth century, lies about fifteen miles inland from Cape Corrientes, a well-known point of the Patagonian coast, two hundred and fifty miles southward from Buenos Ayres. We were staying at a little sea-side village called Mar-del-Plata, in the vicinity, when we resolved to explore the coast and territory. There are no longer any Indians, for they have all been put to the sword, the Spaniards treating them as wild beasts.

Although the district retains the name of Laguna de los Padres, there is no tradition of recollection of the Jesuits. The surrounding "camps," or prairies, are covered with cattle, and European settlers have already introduced agriculture. Our first exploration was to Cape Corrientes and Loberia, following the coast of the Atlantic. We crossed two ranges of hills, passing the farmhouse of Señor Peralta Ramos, and in one place had some difficulty in getting through a "cangrejal," or swamp, which runs inland from the shore. Cape Corrientes is a bare, sandy promontory, not more than twenty feet over sea-level, a little below the thirty-eighth parallel of south latitude.

This part of the coast attained sad notoriety in former times from frequent shipwrecks, and would still be most dangerous but that it is diligently shunned by sailors. The story of the mutiny of H.M.S. *Wager*, is now hardly remembered in England: that ship was lost on the West Coast when most of the crew, under Lieutenant Bulkeley, abandoned Captain Cheap, four officers, and fifteen men. The mutineers were seventy-three in number, in October 1741, but suffered such hardships that only thirty-eight survived when Bulkeley reached Cape Corrientes about Christmas, that is midsummer of same year. His party shot a horse, a wild dog, and four armadilloes for food, and then he sent eight men in quest of water, whom he cruelly abandoned, although they knelt down on the beach and piteously begged to be taken on board. With the remaining

twenty-nine he reached Rio Grande, where they found passage in a ship carrying hides to Lisbon. Midshipman Morris and the seven sailors abandoned by Bulkeley at Cape Corrientes made fruitless efforts to reach Buenos Ayres overland, the distance being two hundred and fifty miles. They wandered about for twelve months, living on partridges and deer, and finding it impossible to cross the Salado river. Four of their party were killed by Indians, and the remainder sold at fifteen dollars a head to the Spanish Government of Buenos Ayres, who treated them with great kindness. Morris and two others were sent home to England in the merchantman *Asia*, but the fourth, whose name was Dick, was so dark that the Governor said he must be a Brazilian, and he was never allowed to leave the country.

Five years after the above events the Jesuits, undeterred by the fierce character of the Indians, founded the settlement of Our Lady of the Unprotected on the shores of the lake that still bears their name. Father Strobel was the founder of this mission, of which I shall give an account later on.

In 1823, a whaling schooner was wrecked off Cape Corrientes, and this event led to the most extraordinary results in the history of South America. The master was William Wheelwright, aged twenty-five years, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, in whose memory statues have been erected in various cities of this continent. He and his crew made their way afoot, after a painful journey of seventy or eighty days, to Guilines, the nearest village on the coast, distant only fifteen miles from Buenos Ayres. They were barefoot, their feet severely cut and bruised, and in an exhausted condition, having subsisted on partridges and armadilloes, which they ate raw. Mr. Wheelwright introduced steam navigation into the Pacific in October, 1840, and afterwards constructed various railways on either side of the Andes. Those who had the pleasure of knowing him, will recollect how earnestly he told the story of his shipwreck at Cape Corrientes, and distressing journey overland, through a country then uninhabited, but now covered with cattle farms and population.

The coast, however, is nearly as desolate as in Mr. Wheelwright's time. There is not a single lighthouse for three hundred miles, between Luyu and Bahia Blanca, nor in any harbour of refuge. It is a dreary waste, in some places heaps of sand, in others, steep cliffs like those at Dover, the abode

of millions of parrots of gorgeous plumage. At present these parrots talk neither Spanish nor any Indian language.

A few miles south of Cape Corrientes we came to a point called Loberia Chica, or the "little resting-place of seals." As we approached it we perceived a very strong smell, similar to that in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, but much stronger. Our horses took fright at the screaming of parrots, which blackened the air with their numbers, but we fortunately escaped being carried over the steep "barranca" which rose sheer up from the water's edge about one hundred and forty feet. Not quite from the water's edge, for there was a strip of sand, on which were congregated fully one thousand five hundred or perhaps two thousand of the largest seals. They seemed to us not "sea-wolves," as the natives call them, but sea-lions, many of them as large as an ox. They were very playful, and sometimes glided into the water, sometimes gambolled like kids on the beach. They made a noise like the lowing of cattle. Our guide assured us that they were all males, and that the females congregated at Loberia Grande, or the "great seal station," about thirty miles further south. He added that the oldest "gauchos" said the seals had always passed the summer months on this same bit of coast, a half-moon bay, scarcely a thousand yards across, under a line of cliffs so precipitous as to seem to defy the approach of intruders. Nevertheless, there is a gaucho living about a mile inland who has driven an iron stake into the "barranca," and by means of a rope lets himself down to the beach, where there is a beautiful spring of fresh water, which perhaps explains the selection of this locality by the seals. The gaucho has cut holes in the side of the cliff, into which he puts his feet, ascending or descending. It made us giddy to look over the precipice, and yet he told us that last year an elderly American lady and her two daughters went down by the rope, drank of the spring, and came up again in safety. He added that the seals appear to take no notice of visitors, unless you go very near them, when they quietly slide off into the sea. He has killed some, selling the skin for ten paper dollars or about thirty shillings, besides getting a quantity of oil: he said that some of them weighed over eight hundred pounds. It is very remarkable that Father Falkner, who was here one hundred and forty years ago, mentions this same "parliament of seals," held every year on this spot, about five miles south of Cape Corrientes.

At Mar-del-Plata, where there are now some good hotels, we met an Italian settler who came here in 1853, when you might travel fifty miles without meeting a house or any sign of population. He told us he was never molested by Indians, although down to 1867 they were in the habit of devastating the Tandil and Ayacucho districts with fire and lance. The greatest danger in riding alone across "camp" was from wild dogs, then so numerous that they went in packs, like wolves, and had been known to attack travellers if their horses were tired, and eat up both horse and man. They were called cimaroons, that is, bushrangers, from which word is derived the term Maroon, applied in the West Indies to runaway slaves. These cimaron dogs have now wholly disappeared, although the common dogs which are found at native estancias, or cattle farms, appear to be descended from them, and at times commit fearful havoc among flocks of sheep. That the cimaroons were susceptible of training is beyond doubt, for Midshipman Morris, one of the survivors of H.M.S. *Wager*, says that he and his party subsisted for some months on deer which they had trained wild dogs to run down.

In our journey from Mar-del-Plata to Loberia, about twenty miles, we passed only three houses inhabited by natives. Most of the people about here are Spaniards, French, or other Europeans, who live in the happiest friendship. There was a fanatical movement fifteen years ago, got up by a quack dealer in herbs, named Tata Dios, to kill all foreign settlers on New Year's Day, 1873. The local authorities showing no disposition to prevent him, this miscreant put himself at the head of one hundred robbers in the district of Tandil, and on that day butchered in cold blood no fewer than forty men and women, but he was shot next day by a Frenchman, and since then the Europeans have been unmolested in these remote southern districts. Tandil is about eighty miles inland. The country is thinly settled, owing to the enormous territories possessed by some wealthy natives, Señor Anchorena's farm covering one thousand square miles.

Our second expedition was to Laguna de los Padres. A few mud "ranchos" were the only habitations on our way, but the "camps" were thickly stocked with cattle, in a dreadful condition of starvation. The guide explained this by saying that the winter had been very dry, from June to October, and pasture was scarce, although at present the country looked green.

Crossing a stream called Cardalito, or the little thistle, we passed within a mile of a comfortable farmhouse, that of Eusebio Zubiaurre, an old "ranchero" who has never gone beyond the bounds of his property in the last thirty-five years. He owns most of the land around, and thousands of very lean cattle. His brother, who died last year, was another of the old school; he was a splendid horseman, even at eighty years of age, and used to say that he had enough tame horses to mount thousands of troopers, without counting wild ones. The second Zubiaurre rarely slept in a bed; often when visiting a friend he would put his saddle under his head, and sleep in the garden. Men of this class are now enormously rich, owing to the sudden rise in land; but they do not like the luxurious life of cities, and prefer to live as simple "paisanos" under the open canopy of heaven. In a few years they will have disappeared. They were fine, hardy fellows, inured to all the hardships of frontier life in constant danger of Indians.

Formerly, these "camps" were so unpopulated that wild cattle could be killed for the trouble of taking them, as they were unbranded, having no owners. The estancieros used to engage the gauchos to make a "corrida" of wild cows, driving them in from all quarters, and killing them for their hides.

We passed some lagoons of fresh water, in fact, pretty lakes of a mile or so in length, covered with water-fowl of many kinds: ducks of magnificent plumage, herons, kingfishers, storks, water-hens, &c. The pampa was covered with wild verbena of three colours, bright scarlet, white, and purple, and lovely hued crocuses. On our left was a slope crowned by a galpon, or shed used for shearing sheep, close to which was a range of buildings where the majordomo or manager of Zubiaurre's estate resided. There was a thicket of thorny plant called currumaywi, in the midst of which a flowering shrub like meadow-sweet. On reaching the "galpon," we saw the Lake of the Fathers spread out before us, about four miles in length, and half a mile or a mile wide; the shape was very irregular, something like the letter S, no sign of habitation on any of its banks or the hills beyond.

Pointing to a dense thicket of currumaywi, the majordomo told us that the ruins of the Jesuit chapel still existed there, but were now utterly inaccessible. It caused us great disappointment that, after making a journey of two hundred and fifty miles from Buenos Ayres, we could not see the ruins,

especially as they are the sole remains of those Patagonian missions of the last century which were the scenes of the labours of Father Falkner and other Jesuits during forty years. In the village church of Pueyrredon is a picture of a chapel overlooking a lake, the banks of which are beautifully planted. Some old gauchos say that they can remember fruit-trees and other plantations near the lake, but at present, beside the thorny underwood, there are only a few old willows, the rest having been probably cut down for fuel. It is remarkable that the lake has no fish, and that any put into it die, which the natives explain by the whirlpools found in different places. The water is pure and wholesome, the reason why the Jesuits made their settlement here, with which Father Falkner's name is so much identified that a sketch of his life may be interesting.

Thomas Falkner, a young Protestant physician of Manchester, in the latter years of the reign of George the First, was son of an Irish merchant in that city, and being of delicate health was recommended to make a sea-voyage. At that time he chanced to make the acquaintance of a ship-chaplain trading to Guinea, at whose invitation he made a trip thither. The ship, whose name I forget, was engaged in carrying slaves from Guinea to South America, the treaty of Utrecht (1704), having given Great Britain a monopoly in this profitable trade. But on reaching Buenos Ayres, Dr. Falkner's health gave way so completely that the captain desired to find some fellow-countryman in whose care to leave him till his return, next voyage. The only person willing to take the sick sufferer was Father Machoney, the Superior of the Jesuit College, who was an Irishman, and so kindly did he treat him that the young physician recovered, begged to be received into the Catholic Church, and was enrolled among the Jesuits, about the year 1727.

After some years at the famous Jesuit University of Cordoba, where he was probably a teacher, Father Falkner was sent to found a mission among the Puelches, between Rio Legundo and Rio Cuarto. These Indians had flocks of sheep, and were industrious, their wives making ponchos which they exchanged with the Spanish traders for goods worth barely a shilling, although the traders often sold them for fifty silver dollars apiece. He seems to have made progress among the Puelches, whose language he spoke, and who, moreover, valued him for his medical skill.



In 1740, Father Strobel founded the first Jesuit mission among Patagonian Indians at Cape San Antonio, and prevailed on Father Machoney to send Father Falkner to his assistance. They got on so well that in 1747 they built the chapel at Laguna de los Padres, by the aid of the Indians, and in two or three years it became the seat of one of the most flourishing settlements. Father Falkner's labours as a physician gained him extraordinary influence over Cangapol, the Great Cacique, from whom he obtained the release of many Christian captives, including the son of Captain Mancilla, who had been six years among the Lehuelches. Cangapol stood over seven feet in height, and Father Falkner's book contains his portrait, as well as that of his wife Hueni.

Suddenly, in 1756, a Spanish officer made a descent on an unsuspecting tribe of Guilliches, near Chascoums, and murdered them all, which so enraged Cangapol that he collected an army of four thousand lances at Magdalena, and devastated the whole country up to Guilmes, only four leagues from the city, capturing a number of women and children, and carrying off twenty thousand head of cattle.

Then the viceroy summoned the Jesuits, and implored them to proceed on a peace mission to Cangapol, at the same time disgracing the officer who had massacred the Guilliches. In this manner peace was obtained, but it seems doubtful whether the missions of Tandil and Sierra Vulcan were rebuilt; the Jesuits being expelled by order of the King of Spain soon afterwards.

Father Falkner describes minutely the physical appearance of Patagonia, and the habits of the Indians. He also describes the country about Nahuel-Huapi, or Tiger Island (since visited by the explorer Cox, in 1862), and the volcano Villa Rica, near whose base was supposed to be the fabulous city of Los Cesares. In his travels in Santa Fe, he relates having found monster fossils near the mouth of the Carcaraña, including some teeth three inches diameter at the base.

Father Falkner died at Spetchley, Worcestershire, as chaplain to a Catholic gentleman, near the end of the eighteenth century.

M. MULHALL.

*Voices from the Tower.*

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II.—CRANMER.

I FAIN would sleep, were sleeping to forget,  
To have no longer thought or cognizance  
Of any of the manifold concerns  
That haunt me when awake ; to rest from all  
My troubles in the very midst of them,  
Like to a ship at anchor on the sea—  
Defy, escape, and rid me of the harsh  
Vindictive fetters of mine enemies,  
Free-roving as themselves ; but oh ! to dream  
Such dream again as that of yesternight,  
Doth fill me, soul and body, with a fear  
That makes me scout the very thought, and shun  
My bed as 'twere my coffin or the rack !  
Better a hundred-fold in darkness thus  
To face such midnight terrors as may come,  
Up-conjured on imagination's disc,  
In endless sequence slow, than lie fast-bound,  
Helpless, and forced of fiends to contemplate  
Such horrors, and such maledictions hear,  
As well might from the body scare my soul,  
And send it shrieking through the other world,  
As of all Hell pursued ! Yet wherefore ?—What,  
What have I done, forsooth, they thus and now  
Should harrow me in my defenceless sleep

With ghastly visions of their headless forms,  
Yet voiced withal, and therewith taunting me,  
Or overwhelming with reproaches? *I*  
Was not their executioner! and if—  
No *if*, but truth confess'd—against them all  
The charges I supported, and of some  
Seal'd their attainder even unto death,  
'Twas they themselves did bring it on themselves  
Of their own treasons and arch-heresies,  
Against the Gospel and new rule of faith,  
As by the law establish'd; or that I,  
In opposition to my will, thereto  
By virtue of mine office was constrain'd.  
True, I set hand and seal to Anne's divorce,  
From whom, sith days when I was but a drudge,  
And she my saucy pupil, I did ne'er  
Receive save kindness and fair frequent proofs  
Of heart unto my monishings inclined;  
Still I a marriage her adultery made,  
Else had there risen for its dissolution  
No dire necessity,—ay, by my troth,  
So made it only by such shift and strain,  
Such arts and casuistic subtleties,  
That well it were at peril of my soul!  
And, verily, to render null and void  
Contract so all illicit, it did behove  
Me more than of my duty to the King  
Thereby to make amends unto my God,  
Whom I must needs have anger'd, in His name  
Confirming it!

More, too, there was behind;  
For oft his Highness bade us bear in mind,  
What little we were likely to forget,  
That to a King his conscience is a Court,

Of God Himself directed ; whence 'tis plain,  
Yea, follows but of simple need, forsooth,  
That any cause or question whatsoe'er  
Of that supreme tribunal once adjudged,  
Is wholly and for ever high o'er all  
Human arbitrament, whereof to doubt,  
Yea, with most humble pleading, were to fly  
In face of the Almighty,—and, whatso else  
Of love and lust, beyond all license, yet,  
Certes, his grace was full of princely parts,  
And very learnèd in divinity.  
Or, if aught more were wanting, thus it stood :  
By that tribunal she already cited,  
Convicted and condemn'd—herself confessing  
To certain harlotries—it did remain  
A matter 'twixt the Queen's head and my own !  
Sore strait, full sure, and arbitrary choice,  
Alternative most pitiful,—albeit,  
Maugre the goodly promise of her youth,  
What time she leant a willing ear, methought,  
To doctrine I thereinto did instil  
With such all-heedful care, in after-days  
She never to the new religion held  
With show of any zeal or honesty,  
And, haply, had she lived, her ends obtain'd,  
When I no longer could her uses serve,  
On me had turn'd but coldly in her pride,  
And as with Wolsey harshly dealt withal.  
Alas, could I, even then, but have divined  
Such issue and frustration of my schemes,  
She, by my soul, thus saved from outrage sore,  
Had wedded not the King !—and better so,—  
Then had she shone, who now did moonlike wane  
'Mid gathering clouds of dark disparagement,

Among the starry maidens of the land,  
Or in her orbit 'gainst some peer impinged,  
By mutual meet attraction,—best for her,  
Who, haply, so in peace had lived and died,  
Nor had his Highness added to his banes  
The burthen of her blood ; for, if there be  
A God and Day of Judgment, sure of that,  
And all his doing, ay, venial howsoe'er,  
Or warranted of princely privilege,  
Will he be called upon to give account !  
Nathless, tho' self-confessed for less than pure,  
Therefore deserving of due punishment,  
I yet did hold her of temptation tried  
So past the lot of mortals as not less  
Worthy of pity, too ; his Majesty  
Was no meet consort for gay Lady Anne !  
And all too late it did repent me—since ne'er  
Was other than goodwill betwixt us twain—  
That I allured her to the snare ; for verily,  
Youth and fair favour, careth maid for more,  
In any man, or is content with less,  
Disport her in Court splendour as she may ?  
And grave men sage, be they a whit more wise,  
Who, ripe with knowledge and of heart full fain,  
Taking the glozèd surface of a thing,  
Mere fair presentment, for the all in all,  
Ignoring, or pretending to ignore,  
Whatsof grim and loathsome lurks beneath,  
Do with their senses cozen oft their souls ?  
Yea, heedless are we of all hid within  
The pack'd recesses of our hearts themselves,  
Like unto simple folk who on the fair  
And fruitful slopes of some long-smouldering mount  
Dwell in unthinking ease—with this of difference,

That of their folly, lo, whereas the rude  
And startling demonstration oft is fraught  
With terrible disaster, for ourselves,  
Unless past hope of unction, it doth tend  
To make us wiser, better, in the end.

Ah! had young Edward lived—nor died, poor boy,  
His all of so much promise in the bud!  
Yea, had it been no longer than to add  
A lustrum to his years, 'twould have sufficed  
For my so fondly cherish'd aims and hopes,  
My will to force all those still recusant  
From their embraces of the ancient faith  
Unto the fair attractions of the new,  
From out their servile darkness to the light  
Of liberty wherewith it makes us free—  
Free to believe each our own way, and each  
The Bible to interpret as we please,  
Saving our souls who hold their safety sure;  
Free of all dogma, and to marry free,  
In spite of priestly office and the Pope—  
Albeit I do confess me, for a time,  
Once in my heart I had from off me cast  
The galling yoke of his supremacy,  
With all it did entail, sore grief it was,  
And wont to bring a tingle to my cheek,  
That, to retain mine office, I, being wed,  
Did shrink not openly to take the oath,  
Keeping the secret in my breast concealed!  
Oh! conscience all too tender!—the oath—what oath?  
What valid affirmation, binding aught,  
Ta'en with reserve of mental negatives,  
Whereby to save my credit and my soul?  
The King, too, ha! the King! What had he said,  
Who—hot and cold, ardent, but insincere,



Wilful, tho' weak—the while, his ends to serve,  
He held him free from all prescriptive sway  
Of Papal jurisdiction, yet did cling  
Fast by that tenet of the celibacy?  
Or, if he knew, as hardly else could be,  
He graciously did wink thereat, for which  
Much thanks I owed him—albeit he knew not all,  
Not knowing I did wholly from the first  
Incline to the new learning, and in heart,  
As after to the world, declared the Pope  
The Antichrist of the Apocalypse.

Yet, an' it be so, where for centuries  
Lay hidden the Church, the Holy Catholic Church,  
Whereof by kings and peoples he remain'd  
Acknowledged Sovereign Lord? Yea, and for even  
A thousand years—till, after years a thousand,  
The great red seven-headed dragon loosed  
His chains, and rose, and, from his teeming tail  
Emitting flame and brimstone, o'er the earth  
Litter'd in filthy sort the orders foul  
That so to anger and rebellion bold  
Did Wyclif rouse, the first, in face of all,  
Ay, of the Pope himself, to lift a voice  
Against their rank abuses! Yet, methinks,  
That brave and worthy frere of Lutterworth,  
Blest heretic and proto-pioneer  
Of private judgment, had impress'd me more,  
Me more inspired with confident belief  
In his sincerity and light divine,  
Despite his prophecyings unfulfilled—  
Yea, even the one most sure of all, that he  
The third day after death would rise again—  
Had he, recanting, and by tenets vague,  
And subtle reasonings, not in seeming still

Favour'd the ancient order, even to the fond  
And vain inventions of their Purgatory,  
Images and invocation of the saints,  
And that yet fonder fable of the Mass!  
—The mote—the mote, within my brother's eye!  
Said I not Mass for Henry, King of France,  
Ay, for repose of his departed soul,  
Assisted, too, by Ridley and the rest,  
Staunch' unbelievers all?

Still, oftentimes,  
It thinketh me that were it mine, indeed,  
My life youth upward to live o'er again,  
I might, perchance, be quite another man;  
Since, more or less, we ever choose the means  
Whereby we are moulded to or this or that,  
And all, both bad and good, had different been  
In other circumstances, well I ween—  
Nor much 'twould wonder me if after all  
I came to die a Catholic.—What, what?  
If I be lawful wed? Then needs must be  
I break my faith, as erst I broke my oath—  
Mere quibble, that, and means unto an end,  
So first to further my own interest  
That I might after better serve the Church;—  
But oh! to cast her off, and know no more  
The joy and charm of her whose virgin heart  
I woo'd and won at Nuremberg—awhile  
Thither despatch'd, till, haply, these dark days  
Of threatening storm be overpast—or else  
My sworn submission fain my rescue make,  
And our own offspring brand with bastardy!  
Lo, the sure root whence sprang, for good or ill,  
My first defection from the ancient faith,  
And liking for the new; and it may be,

Were I but fad eto re-run my course,  
I yet might live and die a celibate.

Better, howe'er, once launch'd upon the stream,  
If wiser never to have left the shore,  
To follow thence its course—of both the way  
Leading to one same city or the sea—  
Through the same country, by a broader track,  
More smooth, and with the same sky overhead ;  
What if it be a little dangerous,  
By reason of the floods and gusts and squalls,  
Its shoals and currents, and survenient falls ?  
Or if the route be longer, wind and turn  
In bight and reach aberrant, and sometimes seem,  
The goal now looming up, to swerve abrupt  
In opposite direction, at least it is  
More pleasant, leaves us more at liberty  
To enjoy the passing prospect at our ease,  
Beguiled of senseless motion ; and what, good sooth,  
Doth matter deviation or delay,  
Perils, with now and then disaster, so  
We reach our destination in the end ?

Then wherefore all undo that I have done,  
If it be good, tho' wrought with mixt intent  
Of compassing at once with lively zeal  
The ends of true religion and my own ?  
Annul the labour of my life, destroy  
Primer and Prayer Book and new Liturgy,  
All Homilies and Articles of Faith,  
Thought out and proved of our own head and heart ?  
Cancel whereby all statutes were repeal'd  
Against the Lollards, and our consent revoke  
That priests be free to marry—privilege  
Whereof so many did advantage take  
Full quick, tho' now, perchance, not few of them

Were ready to renounce it with the like  
Unfeign'd acceptance of our alter'd will,  
Maugre some scandal, with perplexity?  
Refill the monasteries, which I did help  
Cleanse of their swarming pests—out on their tongues,  
Who said I did it but of wanton will,  
By pandering to the King's rapacity  
His favours to secure!—and suffer them,  
Foster'd of Rome's regain'd supremacy,  
To grow and multiply, till they devour  
Both root and branch of our new-planted faith,  
Ere it be well established?—whereof now, indeed,  
I sometimes have misgivings; for do not I  
Writhe at this present of the barb'd report,  
With aim un-erring through this hindrance hurl'd,  
To aggravate my torment with a pang  
Sharper than all beside, that they, even now,  
Are at their miserable Mass again,  
Yea, and within my very Church itself,  
At Canterbury? while for the people all,  
I much do fear me they far less incline  
To the new worship than I half believed,  
Not deeming them so wedded to the old.

Me miserable!—Oh! had Edward lived,  
These recusant Papists had conform'd, or died!  
The boy I crown'd himself had crown'd me king  
Of Reformation and the English faith!  
Then had those traitors and arch-rebels all—  
Who set at naught the edicts of the King,  
And whatso we assign'd of Gospel truth  
As above all things needful to conversion,  
Conversion itself the prime necessity—  
Been free to front me, sleeping or awake,  
In all the horror of their grisly forms,

Tongue-wagging—heads or no—or, round about,  
Unbodied voices only, hiss, till hoarse,  
Each its old hectoring tale !

His father—yea,  
Could I have kept but Gardiner from his ear—  
Thereat oft busy as a bee and flower—  
He also, of free will, for selfish end,  
Had to my purpose proved more pliable,  
Nor push'd me to the strait of choice between  
My conscience and his new-hatch'd Articles,  
Between his Papal tenets and my head,  
Who in my heart the Pope himself do hate,  
And all their lying fables—my one regret,  
That I the pall accepted at his hands,  
Or, once received, did send not quickly back,  
With self-reproach that ever I had worn it !  
Long as my conscience, from the King conceal'd,  
Remain'd thus undisturb'd, that so the clear  
Smooth surface only of my inmost heart  
Mirror'd as in its depths, and for my own,  
His very thoughts and feelings, all did go well ;  
His grace, of not too facile moods, nor yet  
Given to unreckon'd kindness, therewithal  
To show him right well pleased and gratified,  
Deigning to look upon me with assured  
Loving and gracious favour—insomuch  
That mine accusers, fain in his regard  
To fell me to my hurt, themselves did find  
Like downfall in my stead. But God is good,  
And in the end I had my turn of them,  
Gardiner and Bonner both ! and if so be,  
As certes 'twere far from me to gainsay,  
My usage then and there did seem to take  
The hue and likeness of resentment harsh,

God wot it ne'er exceeded by a tittle  
 The bounds of their desert—nay, did fall short  
 Of what had been the measure of their meed,  
 Could I but have foreseen my present plight,  
 Once more their vengeful prey!

I know not, I,

But that assurance of compounded peace  
 With this Queen Mary and mine enemies,  
 Confirm'd and seal'd of promise me to restore  
 Forthwith unto my several offices  
 In Church and State, might move me to recant,  
 Put off the new religion and once more  
 Disguise me in the gewgaws of the old,  
 Waiting the advent of a goodlier time—  
 If but in spite to balk them, who would fain  
 In safe and constant keeping hold me here,  
 To bait me for a stubborn heretic.  
 Go to! what hybrid peace may ever be,  
 Though but in semblance, 'twixt that breed and me!  
 Or what of mercy now might sanguine hope  
 Look for, with warrant, of her Majesty,  
 Whose enmity was once for all provoked,  
 Yea, past all grace and favour, when that I,  
 With scorn of her for true and lawful Queen,  
 Suffering her faith to steel me 'gainst her right  
 Divine, unalienable, in fatal hour  
 To that rash letter did set hand and seal,  
 Proclaiming Lady Jane!

Too late! too late!

Alas, me seems it I have lived too long—  
 He lives too long who doth outlast his use,—  
 Too late, save henceforth as a Protestant  
 To live, and, haply, as a martyr die,  
 Should no last chance be left me of escape.



Yet what of all my service, all my pains,  
Whence my so great expectance? Well may I,  
In words and sadness of the Prophet, say  
How have I labour'd but in vain, my strength  
Spent without cause! Yea, from the first,  
Deny the truth or gloze it as we may,  
The people ever in their hearts rebell'd  
'Gainst the new order—ay, nor, save by threats  
And punishments, and horror of their doom  
Who in the hangman's clutches seal'd their faith,  
Were prompted to embrace it; and, full sure,  
Once more now free and flatter'd to return,  
Will, as the loosen'd bowstring of a bow,  
Spring to their own way back; while even the elect,  
Who, all unholpen, of their own freewill  
Renounced the Pope's supremacy, first-fruit  
And flower of our disciples, fell away,  
Dividing into various heresies,  
And, like a falling water, broken up  
And forming after into becks and streams,  
Their several devious courses which pursue,  
Shall nevermore become one whole again,  
Save by convulsion or a miracle.

Be it increasing years or change of state,  
I wot not, but, whereas in days gone by  
Came it as easy as my breath to pray,  
And lose myself in fervour, prayer and all,  
As in the sky the skylark and his song,  
Oft now my thoughts prevent and hale me down  
To earth and earthly things; and then it is  
That Satan comes and whispers in mine ear,  
With all the cunning of malignant art,  
Such self-tormenting taunts as that, belike,  
'Twere better with me now had I remain'd

Content to live according to my vows,  
Steadfast in my allegiance—Confirm'd, Ordain'd,  
And frighted wolves and foxes from the fold,  
Nor long'd to pluck of that forbidden tree  
The fruit that did but whet my appetite,  
Or pall'd it, not appeased. But did not I  
Put forth mine hand, and with a front full bold  
Take also of the tree of life, to give  
Freely unto the people, all who will'd  
To eat thereof, and be as we ourselves ?

If mine no longer to enjoy that strange  
Deep silence of the meditative soul  
Men, devils, nor rolling thunder can disturb,  
At least these mundane thoughts have me so far  
Beguiled of my insensate fears that they  
Have served as midwif to the labouring night,  
And usher'd in the dawn ;—yet who doth know  
To what ill-omen'd favour it may grow !

ROBERT STEGGALL.

## *The Sacrament of Sacraments.*

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### PART THE SECOND.

THE doctrine of Transubstantiation is contained in the Apostolic tradition—not as a simple tradition, but as a tradition in union with the words of Christ. His words are its foundation on which it rests. It is an explanation of the sense which underlies them, and it is a commentary on them. Listening to those words, and having them ever present to her mind, the Church has always been persuaded of the truth of Transubstantiation. This she distinctly declares in her Council of Trent.

When Jesus took bread into His hands, and said, "This is My Body," He not only affirmed that that which was under the species of the bread was His Body, but also denied that it was bread. The affirmation includes the negation. If the substance of bread had remained under the accidents of bread, all that He could have said with truth, would have been—"This is bread, and in this bread My Body is present." He could not have said, "This is My Body."

The pronoun *This*, directed towards the species of bread, demonstrates only the substance of bread which is connatural to those species, so long as that substance remains beneath them; and it cannot without fallacy be transferred to demonstrate any other substance which is invisibly present along with the substance of bread. In the proposition "This is My Body," when the word *This* is uttered, and so long as it stands alone, and is not determined in its signification by the utterance of the predicate "My Body," it demonstrates that substance which is connatural to the accidents, that is to say, the substance of bread, which is connatural to the accidents of bread, or to that which is seen and handled and towards which the word "This" is directed. But when the proposition is completed by utterance of the predicate, "My Body," the subject of the

proposition "This" is determined in its signification, and must signify that Body, and that Body alone.

In order that the proposition should then be true, the words must have *effected* that which they signify, and must, in virtue of this efficiency, have necessitated the absence of the previously existing substance of bread. This is a true substantial conversion, and is therefore *transubstantiation*.

## 10.

It is of faith, as defined by the Council of Trent, that in the Holy Eucharist, after its consecration, there remain the *species* of bread and wine. The word *species* signifies primarily, whatever is an immediate object of the sense of sight, and as such presents to us the invisible substance which underlies it. Secondly, the word *species* signifies an immediate object of any one of the other senses. There is no difference between species and accidents as regards that which both of those words signify. They stand for one and the self-same thing. The word *species*, however, expresses the idea of the thing *in its relation to our perception of it*; while the word *accidents* expresses the idea of the self-same thing *in its relation to the substance* to which it cleaves. In the case of accidents which do not actually, or as matter of fact, cleave to any substance as to their subject, it is more fitting to speak of them, not as accidents—since they have no actual relation of inherence, or cleaving to any substance—but as *species*, since they are really and actually seen. Hence we speak with greater propriety of speech, and we preserve greater accuracy of thought, when we say that the Body and Blood of Christ are present under the *species* of bread and wine, than we should do if we were to say that they are present under the *accidents* of bread and wine; although by both words we refer to one and the self-same object.

The accidents of a thing of their nature demand a substance, in which they may inhere, that is, to which they may cleave, and by which they may be supported in their being. Although accidents cannot, in virtue of the common laws of nature, exist by themselves, and apart from any substance to which they may cleave, there is nevertheless no antecedent impossibility of their being supported in their being by the Divine Omnipotence, apart from the intervention of any substance, as a second cause of their support.

Let us take a case in explanation, or illustration of this possibility. Resistance is a force which is not a substance. It is nevertheless real, and exists by way of an impulse or impetus. A substance, as of its nature tending and adapted to produce this impulse, is its active cause. The substance is distinguished from the actual impulse which flows from it, and is produced by it. This impulse is not nothing, but is a real something. It is not in itself substantial, but it is an *accident* of a substance. It is an incomplete being, a being which belongs to another being. In the ordinary course of nature, it is continually flowing forth from its substance, and is continually being sustained by it. But, inasmuch as it has in itself something of being which is distinct from the being of its substance, it is possible that it should be preserved in its being by God, even if its substance should cease to exist. What the substance, as a second and created cause, contributed to the being and preservation of its accident, that it is possible for God, as He is Creator and first cause of all things, if He so wills it, to supply. He will do so—not by Himself becoming the subject which sustains the accident in its being, as did the previous connatural substance to which it cleaved; for the creature cannot possibly inhere in its Creator as in a subject, since the creature would in that case be an accidental form of its Creator, which is absurd, but—as He is efficient cause in the singular and exclusive sense, that He is the one Creator and Preserver of all things in their being.

Further, as this resistance is distinguished really from the substance from which it flows, as an effect is distinguished from its cause, so is this resistance also distinguished, as it is itself in its turn a cause, from the effect which it produces either on our senses, or on bodies with which it comes in contact. The resistance is something intermediate between the substance of which it is an effect, and the effect which it itself produces on other things, and of which effect it is itself the cause. As distinct from both its cause and its effect, the resistance is itself an objective reality. It is not a mere modification produced in our senses, or on material objects. The same is true of other accidents.

This illustration may explain the *possibility* of the permanence of accidents apart from their natural substance. The accidents in the Eucharist are *species*, but they are not *spectres*. They are *phenomena*, but they are not *phantoms*.

## II.

By means of our *senses* we immediately perceive only the *accidents* of bodies. It is by means of our *intelligence* that we apprehend the presence under those accidents of the *substance* that corresponds to them. As, in accordance with physical laws, the substance of bread and wine is demonstrated by the accidents of bread and wine, as present under those accidents, and when those accidents are changed we understand a change in the substance which is present under them; so in accordance with a sacramental law, which is constant and unvarying in its operation, the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ is, after the consecration, demonstrated by the accidents of the bread and wine, as present under them, so long as these have undergone no change. But if the accidents should have been so changed that, in accordance with the common laws of nature, they would demand the presence under them, not of the substance of bread and wine, but of some other substance, then there would be demanded the absence of the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ, since there would exist no longer that sacrament which was instituted by Jesus under the species of bread and wine. This sacramental substance having ceased to be present, the altered accidents, of their nature as accidents—and as left subject to the operation and demands of ordinary physical and natural laws—exact the presence under them of another substance such as should correspond with their altered character.

## I2.

From the conjunction of the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ with the species of bread—which is not a physical union of a subject with its accidents, but is a moral union, or is rather a *sacramental* union in order to the formation of a sacrament in its sacramental unity and completeness, or, as it is one sacramental whole—we gather what the changes in the species of bread are, which may be predicated of the Body of Christ—and what are those changes in the species which cannot be predicated of that Body.

Those changes which, although *per se* and primarily they are made in the species of bread and wine, nevertheless pass on to the Body and Blood of Christ by reason of the presence of the Body and Blood under those species, and their union therewith, may with all propriety and in their entirety be predicated of



Jesus Christ. Thus we may with truth say that He is lifted up, distributed, eaten, and the like.

Those changes which belong to the species of bread and wine, regarded precisely as they are something distinct from the Body and Blood of Christ, which are present under them, cannot in any way be predicated of the Body and Blood of Christ. Thus we cannot say that the Body and Blood change their temperature, or become corrupted, or the like.

Those things which, although they properly belong to the accidents alone, are nevertheless conceived to belong to the accidents as they together with the Body and Blood of Christ constitute one sacrament, and so one whole, may be predicated of the Body and Blood of Christ, formally as the Body and Blood are present under, and demonstrated by those accidents. Thus we may say that His Body is seen, and touched, and broken in the liturgical breaking of the sacred host in holy Mass. The reason is because the substance, which is under the accidents, which are the immediate objects of sight, and touch, and breaking, constitutes, along with those accidents, *one sacrament* and that sacrament is the Body of Christ.

The question of the natural nourishment of material organic bodies through reception of the Holy Eucharist, lies in a nutshell. It is certain that it is not the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ which nourishes the body of him who receives them; and it is not the accidents of bread and wine by themselves which nourish him. Accidents cannot nourish, apart from their substance; and it is the substance along with its accidents which nourishes. But no nourishment is imparted from the substance, until there has taken place an alteration in its accidents. Hence, no nourishment is imparted to the body of the receiver of the Holy Eucharist, until there has taken place an alteration in its accidents, so that they are no longer the accidents of bread and wine. But as soon as they cease to be the accidents of bread and wine, there ceases to be present under them the substance of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; and in its place there succeeds another substance which corresponds to the accidents in their changed condition. It is this substance which, along with its own accidents, nourishes. It is not either the previous accidents, or the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ, that was present, in virtue of His institution, only so long as the accidents of bread and wine remained in that condition in

which they would have been if they had inherited in, and been supported by that substance, which, in accordance with the common laws of nature, was connatural to them.

The vulgar cavils of those who object to the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist, on the ground of alleged facts that men, through receiving it, have been nourished, or intoxicated or poisoned, or that it has been consumed by, and so incorporated into the inferior animals, betray their crass ignorance not only of the true doctrine of Transubstantiation but of the elementary principles of sound philosophy. Neither nourishment nor intoxication can be produced by any substance until after alteration of its accidents. As soon as there is alteration of the accidents in the Eucharist so that they are no longer the accidents of bread and wine as these are apparent to the senses, Jesus Christ has ceased to be present under them. The substance which succeeds to the substance of His Body and Blood will nourish or intoxicate in precisely the same way as the substance which preceded the latter was capable of doing before it was converted into the Lord's Body and Blood. The case is different as regards poison. The poison is neither bread nor wine, and there has been therefore no sacramental change in its substance any more than in its accidents. It is physically united to the species of bread and wine, and is conveyed by means of them as paint would be conveyed by a painted host, and it is capable of poisoning. But as it has no intrinsic connection with the sacrament, and forms no part of it, it is not by the sacrament, or by anything that has ever formed any part of the sacrament, that the person who receives it is poisoned.

## 13.

That the whole of Christ is present under each of the species, is a truth which is implicitly contained in the words of consecration, "This is My Body," and "This is My Blood." When the words—"This is My Body"—are uttered, there is declared and known to be under the species of bread the self-same Body of Christ which at that moment exists naturally in heaven, with all its intrinsic perfections. It is the *mode* of existence of the one Body, and the mode only which makes the difference between its existence in heaven, and its existence in the Holy Eucharist. In heaven, or elsewhere outside the Sacrament, it exists under its own species; in the Sacrament it exists under another species. The one mode is its *natural* mode of

existence; the other mode is a *sacramental* mode of existence. When the words, "This is My Blood" are uttered, there is, in like manner, declared and known to be under the species of wine the self-same Blood of Christ, which is contained within His Body as it exists naturally in heaven. The only difference between the existence of the Blood in the veins of His visible Body, and the existence of the same Blood in the chalice, is in the *mode* of existence. His Blood exists naturally and under its own species in the Body which is enthroned in Heaven; the same Blood exists sacramentally and under another species in the chalices of the Church on earth.

The Body of Christ is a human body, which contains human blood, and is quickened by the indwelling of a human soul; and it is, moreover, united to divinity, and personally possessed as His own by the second Divine Person. The Body of Christ is therefore an actual part, and an inseparable part of that whole which is Christ. It has its perfection *in* that whole, and *from* that whole of which it is a part. When a part, which is inseparable from that whole of which it is a part, is made present, there is thereby made present the whole itself.

In the words "My Body" there is a signification only of the *Body* of Christ. By those words there is not signified His Body either as *with* or as *without* His Blood, either as quickened or as not quickened by the indwelling of His soul; nor does the word *My* of itself signify that the body to which it refers, is in personal union with the personal Word of God.

That which is demonstrated by the words "This is My Body," is, however, the Body of Christ as it is when the words are uttered, and taking into account the divinity of the Person whose words they are, and the indissoluble character of the union of His two natures in His one Divine Person, there is always and necessarily demonstrated by the words "My Body"—His Body as it exists in its indissoluble hypostatic union with His Divine Person.

When the words "This is My Body" were uttered for the first time after the Last Supper, they demonstrated a living human body, along with its blood, and quickened by its soul, but a body which was as yet mortal, and subject unto death. Uttered to-day they demonstrate the same body, with its blood and soul, but as that body it exists in its state of immortality and in the glory of its resurrection. Had the words "This is My Body" been uttered on the Saturday when Jesus lay dead in His sepul-

chre, they would have demonstrated the same Body, but bloodless and soulless, although nevertheless in undiminished hypostatic union with its person—the Divine Person of the Word.

## 14.

Christ is present as a whole throughout the whole of the species. He is at the same time present as a whole in every part of the species. There is in every part of the species, not a part, but the whole of the Body of Christ. As the human soul is in the human body which it informs, as in one whole; so the Body of Christ is in the species, throughout their continuity, as in one whole. As all the informations of the parts of the body by its indwelling soul, constitute one adequate information of the whole body as it is one; so the presence of Christ under all the parts of the undivided species is one continuous presence, and not several presences, each adequate in itself, and independent of the other.

From the sacramental, and not natural mode of existence of the Body of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, it follows that therein He cannot *naturally* act on other bodies. His soul cannot naturally act on its own body, either in order to local motion, or in order to exercise of the external senses. The dignity of the Sacred Humanity, however, seems to demand, or it is at least certainly becoming to that dignity, that the Body of Christ in its sacramental state of existence, should have, in virtue of its subsistence in the Divine Person, who is the Word of God, and in a *supernatural* manner, the exercise of its bodily senses, such as those of sight and hearing. This is in accordance with the scope and end of a sacrament, in which Jesus wills to enter into, not only spiritual, but also bodily intercourse with the faithful. It is at least most probable, and may be piously believed of Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist. In any case, His soul is capable of all acts which do not depend on corporeal organs and external things. In His soul, therefore, as it exists in the Eucharist, there are all the treasures of His infused knowledge, and of His beatific vision, and His soul can exercise all acts of will which spring from these. Formally as existing in the Eucharist, and by a special title, in virtue of the end of the institution of that mystery, He beholds the whole life, both external and interior, of the Church, which is His Spouse, and all the actions and sufferings, both of His Church, as it is one whole, and of every individual member thereof. He beholds

also, and in a divine manner, feels all the thoughts and affections, the worship and homage, the injuries and sins of all men. He beholds also and, as it were, more nearly, the thoughts and affections and deeds, both good and evil, of His own faithful; and still more nearly, and, as it were, proximately, those of His priests and ministers. This He does by reason of their immediate relation to Him in this ineffable mystery of His love.

## 15.

It will be apparent, from the fact that the living human Body of Christ in the Eucharist contains His Blood, that, in order to receive the whole Christ, it is not necessary to receive Him under both species. The doctrine of the Church is one thing, and the discipline of the Church is another. Her doctrine has been, and is, and ever shall be the same, in every age and in every land. Her discipline varies, as it adapts itself to the circumstances and needs of the faithful at various times, and in various countries. For several centuries it was her general practice to communicate the faithful under both species. This practice was not, however, even then without frequent exception. While the custom of the earliest ages of communicating newly baptized infants lasted, they received the Blood of Christ, and consequently His living Body which contains it, under the species of wine; since they were, by reason of their tender age, incapable of receiving it under the species of bread. When the Holy Eucharist was carried to the sick, and to the martyrs in their prisons, it was under the species of bread; and this for the obvious reason of the risk of accidental irreverence to the Precious Blood. These instances testify to that which is otherwise evident, namely, that to receive under both species was never held by the Church to be *necessary*. To affirm that reception under both species is necessary, in order to receive whole Christ, is virtually to maintain a heresy; namely, that the Body of Christ under the species of bread is bloodless, and therefore that Christ is there in a real state, not of glorified life, but of physical death. On this heresy the Church set her heel when, in her Councils at Constance and at Trent, she confirmed what had then become a common custom, and ordained that, in future, communion should be given under one species only. Her present practice is like an Easter Alleluia. It is a sign to the nations that "Christ is risen indeed," and that "death hath now no more dominion over Him."

Communion under both species is necessary only in the case of the priest who is actually offering the sacrifice of the mass. It is necessary in order to the integrity of that particular *sacrifice*. It is not necessary in order to the completeness of any *communion*. All those, therefore, who simply communicate—not only the laity, but all priests with the exception of the one who is then saying mass—receive under one species. Their reception under one species is a visible and striking profession of faith in the revealed truth that he who receives the Body of Christ necessarily receives therein and thereby the Blood of Christ, His Soul also, and His Divinity.

## 16.

The effect of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, which is proper to it as it is a sacrament, was declared by Jesus Himself in His discourse to the men of Capharnaum. It is that men may *have life*, and that this life may be *preserved* in them. It is a special and proper mode of communication, and of preservation of life, that He who is the Author and Fountain of life should be made for men true meat and true drink, in order to men's nourishment and refreshment.

By means of the Blessed Eucharist it is effected that we abide in Jesus, and He abides in us. He therein communicates to us a supernatural life, which endures. As divine life is communicated to Him from His Father, so from Him, as from a fountain, is supernatural life derived to us.

By means of the Blessed Eucharist we are also ourselves more closely united, and more straitly bound together as members one with another, in one Body, under one Head. Because the Bread is one, "all we," says St. Paul, "being many, are one Body, who partake of that one Bread."

In other sacraments, elements which are objects of the senses, and which have been raised to the order of sanctifying instruments, are applied to us as it were *from without*, through that external part of our nature which is also an object of the senses; and thus the supernatural virtue and efficacy, which is in those elements, penetrates to our souls, and sanctifies them. By means of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, Jesus, who is Himself the Author of sanctity or holiness, is received within us, and mingles Himself with our bodies, in order to unite us more closely to Himself, and to communicate to us a supernatural life which is derived from Himself to us.



This sacramental union is not an *effect* of the sacrament, but is the *application* of the sacrament, as it is the sign and cause of that unity with Christ, whereby He abides in us, and we abide in Him. This oneness with Christ, which is signified and effected by the sacramental union, is a spiritual union through charity, whereby we as members one with another, and with our Head, are more straitly joined together, and are preserved in our supernatural oneness.

Further, from this abiding oneness with Christ—of the intensity, as well as the preservation, of which this sacrament is the cause—there springs our relation towards the future glory in the beatific life, and our vision of God and union with Him. Of this eternal life the Blessed Eucharist is not only a pledge but is also an earnest. Through the intensifying and increase of our faith, hope and charity, it gives beginning here on earth to that union, in order to the completeness of which it nourishes and prepares us.

The sanctifying grace which is bestowed through the sacraments of the New Law is in all of them of the same essential character. In every one of them however it has a certain proper relation. Hence the grace which has a special relation to a particular sacrament is called the *sacramental* grace of that sacrament. The sacraments of the dead—or the sacraments which exist for those who are dead in mortal sin—are instituted *per se* not for the perfection, but for the commencement of charity. The sacraments of the living—or the sacraments which exist for men who are already in the state of grace, and who are living with its supernatural life—contribute towards increase of that grace, of which every sacrament bestows a fresh instalment. But every sacrament is instituted also for another end; and that an end which is peculiar to itself, and which is distinct from charity. The sacrament of the Eucharist, on the contrary, is instituted not for any other end which is distinct from charity, but for the preservation and perfection of the union of charity itself.

In the sacrament of the Eucharist, there is, as it were, the inmost centre of union through charity. To this centre the rays of other sacraments in a manner converge. Union with Christ through the other sacraments prepares men for the consummation of union with Him in this sacrament. In it He is Himself the Sacrament, and through the intimacy of His union with us He pours into our souls the abundance of His grace.

In this sense the Holy Eucharist is called the Sacrament of Sacraments. It is so called not only to express the excellence and pre-eminence of its sanctity over that of other sacraments, but also and much more to declare the relation and subordination of other sacraments to it.

There is required in the receivers of the Blessed Eucharist the state, or already existing life of grace. This is necessary of the proper and intrinsic idea of that sacrament. It is instituted for the nourishment of LIVING members of Christ, and not for life-giving to the dead. If it should sometimes effect remission of mortal sins, that is an *accidental* effect of this sacrament. It is not that end for which it was instituted. Remission of mortal sins takes place when a man receives the Eucharist in good faith and unconscious of the fact that he is really in a state of mortal sin, he being at the same time duly disposed for sacramental remission of sins by means of that attrition which, along with a sacrament, suffices thereto, although, apart from a sacrament, attrition will not avail to remission of sin, as does true and perfect contrition.

Remission of *venial* sins follows as an effect from the *principal* effect of the Eucharist. Of its own efficacy this sacrament destroys venial sins, which hinder the perfection of union through that charity, which the Eucharist is principally intended and ordained to promote. This effect supposes such dispositions in the receiver as are sufficient to remove any obstacles to the remission of venial sins; although those dispositions are not of themselves sufficient to effect the remission of even venial sins. Hence the Eucharist is called by the Council of Trent, an "antidote, whereby we are freed from daily faults, and are preserved from mortal sins."

Since a residue of debt of temporal punishment—which has been contracted on account of past sins, the guilt of which has been forgiven, and which residue still remains due to the Divine Justice—does not hinder perfection of charity, this debt is not cancelled or diminished by the sacrament directly, and in virtue of its own independent efficacy. It is cancelled or diminished *indirectly* through the dispositions and fervour of the receiver in his receiving of the sacrament. The Eucharist, as it is a sacrament, is instituted not to *satisfy* for sin, but to *nourish* the soul.

During the time that the Body of Christ remains really present within us—and that is as long as the species remain unconsumed—there is not a continuous bestowal of new degrees of grace, if the dispositions remain only habitual, or simply such as are compatible with the state of grace. It is however very probable, and it may be piously believed that, during the whole of that time, fresh instalments of grace are continually being bestowed, and this in virtue of the sacrament, and of its own efficacy, if there are then new acts of actual disposition on the part of the receiver, and in proportion to their duration, or number, and perfection.

In other sacraments we have to consider the external rite, and in that external rite the supernatural dignity and efficacy which makes it to be that which it is. What that dignity and efficacy is in them, the Body and Blood of Christ are in this. There is not in the species themselves, and apart from the Body and Blood of Christ, any dignity or efficacy to bestow grace. The species signify grace indeed, but grace to be bestowed by Jesus Christ through His Body and Blood, with which they constitute *one sacrament*.

The Incarnate Word, during the years of His visible sojourn here on earth, wrought miracles, bestowed grace, and did other external divine works, in virtue of His divinity indeed, but with the cooperation of His humanity, to which there was derived from His divine person a physical efficacy in order to the doing of those works. His sacred humanity was the *conjoined* instrument of the Word, or, an instrument in the sense that the hand is an instrument as conjoined with the body, while the axe in the hand is an instrument which is separate therefrom. In like manner, a physical efficacy is derived from the Word to His sacred humanity, as that humanity exists in the sacrament of the Eucharist, in order to the sanctification of its receivers.

The Holy Eucharist, in a special manner, and of its end, produces effects also on the bodies of its receivers; at least mediately, through the gifts and graces which it bestows on their souls.

By means of these gifts the lusts of the body are bridled, and the more ample the gifts are, the more efficacious is the, as it were, overflow from the soul to the body. A man, thus

sanctified in his compound nature, is, in a manner, even as regards the material part of that nature, made partaker of spiritual life.

Similarly, in the graces, both habitual and actual, which are bestowed through the sacrament of the Eucharist, in order to perseverance in spiritual life, there is contained a preparation for the glorious resurrection of the body of the receiver. Moreover, Jesus regards the very flesh of those who worthily receive Him, and which is consecrated by its contact with His most sacred flesh, as being, by a special affinity, His own flesh. Although our bodies, so long as they are temples of the Holy Ghost, Who continues to dwell in those who are in the state of grace, are also and thereby members of Christ, "of His flesh and of His bones," yet this mystical oneness of our flesh with the flesh of Christ, receives its fuller consummation and, as it were, sacramental consecration, through the conjoining of these our bodies with His glorified Flesh and Blood. In this union there are celebrated the nuptials of the Lamb with the Church which is His Spouse, and which is as yet on her pilgrimage, in the persons of her individual members who are wayfarers here on earth. There is no well grounded reason why we should suppose that there remains in our bodies, after our receiving of the Eucharist, any *physical* quality which, after the manner of a seed, contains the root of our glorious resurrection in the future. It is sufficient, as a pledge of that glorious resurrection, that Jesus should regard our flesh as His own flesh, and therefore as flesh to be conformed to the likeness of His flesh as to its model, in the glory of the resurrection. From the Eucharist, and as the Eucharist was instituted by Christ, and of His intention as declared by the words of His promise—"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life, and *I will raise him up at the last day*"—there is derived to the body of him who receives it a peculiar title and special right to glorious resurrection.

The affinity which Christ contracts with those who receive Him in the Eucharist, and in virtue of which affinity He regards their flesh as His own flesh, endures as a permanent effect in their bodies, and this not merely during the time when He is substantially present within them. Hence the Fathers speak

of our "consanguinity" with Jesus Christ, and of our being "concorporeal" with Him.

From our being of one flesh and blood with Jesus it follows that we are, in reality and not merely in name, blood relations of Her from whom He derived His flesh and Blood. The bond of relationship between the mother and her child, and the foundation of the maternal and the filial relation, is the fact of the oneness of their flesh and blood. By means of the Eucharist we are made one with that flesh and blood which Mary of the substance of her body ministered to her Divine Son. As truly as we are one with Jesus are we truly children of Mary. In precise proportion as the bonds of our oneness with Jesus are drawn closer, the reality of our filial relationship to Mary is intensified. We have right to call Mary "Mother," and we have a vested right to her maternal love. She has equal right to our filial piety, for if she had not willed to be made Mother of God, there would have been no Eucharist. To Mary and to the Divine Majesty we owe this nourishment of our souls. Day by day the veil of the sacred species grows thinner to the eye of faith, and a day will dawn when that veil of the Temple shall be rent in twain and we shall see Jesus as He is, and face to face. Then, and not till then shall we realize what the Sacrament of Nourishment has done for us and for Mary, in the family likeness which it has wrought in us and in her to her Divine Son Who, once in her, and again in the Eucharist, made Himself the "Hidden God."

W. HUMPHREY, S.J.

### *History of the Pilgrimage of Sainte-Anne d'Auray.<sup>1</sup>*

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THE place now occupied by the Church of Sainte-Anne d'Auray and the buildings that have gathered round it was, in ancient times, only a poor and miserable village, bearing the name of Keranna, which signifies in the Breton language "Village of Anna." It seems that from the earliest ages of Christianity the Bretons have had a great devotion to the Mother of the Blessed Virgin, and it is supposed that the humble chapel of Keranna was the first raised in her honour by the Western Christians. It is believed that this chapel existed as early as the seventh century. At the end of that century it was destroyed, it is said, by one of the savage hordes which in those days overran the whole country. But though the chapel was destroyed, the name of Keranna together with some old traditions was handed down from generation to generation, so never wholly lost. In a field, called the Bocenno, close to one of the small farm-houses, was one part where the plough never could pass over. The people who held the plough had often tried to make the oxen which drew it go over this particular piece of the land, but they always drew back as if in terror, as if repulsed by some invisible hand. It was on this spot that the chapel of the early ages had stood. The peasants remembered this, and acknowledged the rights of St. Anne over her domain; and they used to say to their labourers: "Be careful of the place where the chapel was."

Now it is a well known fact, that in accomplishing many of His great designs, God does not generally make choice of the great ones of the earth, but rather of the poor and lowly. So it was in this case. The chosen instrument was only a poor and simple peasant named Yves Nicolazic. Poor indeed he

<sup>1</sup> We are principally indebted for our facts to the work on the Pilgrimage of Sainte-Anne d'Auray by the Abbé Nicol, Honorary Canon of the Cathedral of Vannes, and at one time Professor in the *Petit Séminaire* of Sainte-Anne.



was, and then, except in his own neighbourhood, unknown and unnoticed. Now his name is honoured wherever the Sanctuary of St. Anne is known, and his statue in white marble adorns one side of the great portal of the church. Wonderful things have been brought about by his faith and perseverance. There is another statue at the opposite side of the principal door, that of a remarkable man, called the "Breton Penitent," and should this little sketch find favour in the opinion of our readers, we might tell them much that is interesting about him also.

Nicolazic lived at Keranna in a humble cottage with his wife and sister. He had no children. He cultivated a small farm, and even this was not his own, but he was satisfied with his lot and did not envy the rich and great. He loved the poor; in fact he was a true Breton; that means he was a good Christian. His soul was just and upright, the practice of doing good enlightened him in many ways which were acknowledged by his friends, so that when disputes arose amongst them, they chose him for their arbitrator and they abided by his decisions. This loving charity for his brethren he extended also to the suffering souls in Purgatory. Is it then to be wondered at if he had also a tender and particular love for the Mother of the Afflicted? The Blessed Virgin drew him towards her; in sorrow and in joy he always took his rosary to discourse with her. Along with our Lady he prayed daily to St. Anne, whom he called his "Good Mistress," and in this manner his soul was prepared for the wonderful things about to happen.

"In 1623 a great change took place in his soul." Hitherto his devotion towards St. Anne had consisted only in praying to her every day; now that feeling became a deep and ardent one, and his love increased with time. However, Nicolazic went on with his ordinary occupations. Outwardly, he was but a simple peasant; but his soul was being transformed little by little under the mysterious action of Heaven. The peace of his heart was reflected in his face, ascetic but not severe. His short hair crowned a forehead on which worldly cares had not yet planted their wrinkles, his mild and intelligent look inspired confidence, and in his whole countenance there was revealed a mixture of strength and meekness in which the manly energy of the Breton character lived again, softened and tempered by the simple virtues of the Christian.

One night in the month of August, 1623, when Nicolazic was resting in his house, his room was all at once lighted up by an extraordinary brightness, which appeared to come from a large wax candle held by a mysterious hand. This brightness lasted only a few minutes, but it was often renewed. Many times, on awaking, he saw the same wonderful light; often, when returning home late at night, it accompanied him to his house.

Nicolazic was in great perplexity as to the meaning of these things, but he continued to pray fervently, and in this way his soul was preparing itself for greater favours.

Near to the field of the Bocenno, there was a meadow in which his cattle used to graze, and also a spring where they drank. One evening, it was in the same summer of 1623, after sunset, his favourite brother-in-law, Leroux, and he went to this meadow to drive their oxen home. They were driving them first to the fountain to drink, when a dazzling light appeared which frightened the animals, and they would not go on. The two men then raised their eyes and saw close to the fountain a woman with a most majestic air, and clad in a robe which seemed whiter than snow. Terrified at the sight, they turned and fled, without daring to look again, but afterwards, feeling bolder, they went back. The fountain was flowing on as usual, but the light had gone out, and the lady of majestic mien had disappeared. The spring is still flowing, but now its waters are confined: they are enclosed by three granite basins, the centre one surmounted by the statue of St. Anne. Many come to drink of these waters, and some are so favoured by Heaven as to be healed of their infirmities there.

Nicolazic was not superstitious, but he was troubled by this extraordinary apparition. He had lost his mother some little time before, and he thought that it might be that she had been permitted to appear to ask for prayers. So in order to make his mind more easy, he determined to tell all that had happened to a Franciscan priest who resided in his convent at Auray. This good priest, being a prudent man, could not pronounce so quickly on the case; he advised Nicolazic "to have some Masses said for his mother's soul; to be careful to keep himself in the grace of God as well in order to know His will, as to preserve himself from the deceits of the devil."

Nicolazic was obedient to these wise counsels, and his docility

was rewarded by new favours. "The Lady of the Fountain" came again to visit him, "sometimes near the fountain, sometimes near his house, sometimes even in his barn and in other places." He was no longer afraid of looking at her, she appeared as it were on a cloud, a large flambeau in her hand, and enveloped in the folds of her luminous garment. Sometimes, the field of the Bocenno was filled with wonderful lights, which extended from it as far as the peasant's house, and often on the site of the ancient chapel he heard melodious sounds which ravished his soul into ecstasy.

Opposite to one of the walls of the present Seminary, on the side nearest to Auray, is the opening to an ancient road, now almost abandoned. This road, after a short distance, leads to the wild lande. It was the road to Auray in the early part of the seventeenth century. At the part where it comes out on the lande, and at less than a mile from Sainte-Anne, there used to be, and indeed still is, a high stone cross. It was at the foot of this cross that Nicolazic loved to kneel and pray when on his way to and from Auray. Until very lately, this cross was in a most pitiable condition; broken and neglected, it seemed as if no one cared for it. One would have thought that the "Cross of Nicolazic," as it is now called, would have been cherished with peculiar care, but it did not appear to have been so until a short time ago. We have not visited it since, but fear very much that the white cross now to be seen in the distance rising above the lande, is not the old grey time-honoured one of the days of Nicolazic. The site, however, is the same.

One evening, on July 25, 1624, which, it is perhaps superfluous to say to good Catholics, is the eve of the feast of St. Anne, Nicolazic was returning from Auray, his rosary in hand, and was praying. So occupied, he had reached the cross, when suddenly the apparition he had already once seen stood again before him, surrounded by the same light, bearing in one hand the same flambeau. This time, the "Lady" called him by his name, and encouraged him with loving words. He continued on his way still praying, the apparition preceding him, until he arrived at his house. There she rose majestically above the earth, and disappeared from his eager gaze. His wife and servants were waiting for him to take their evening meal, but Nicolazic was too pre-occupied by what he had seen

to eat ; he scarcely spoke, and retired shortly afterwards to his barn "to rest, and to guard the barley which had been threshed a few days before." His mind was too full of thought for him to sleep. Towards the middle of the night a confused noise disturbed his meditations. It was like that of a great multitude passing along the road close to his barn. Filled with astonishment, he rose and went out, but no one was to be seen ; the night was tranquil, the road deserted, no sound broke the stillness which pervaded all around.

Was this a presage of that which was to come, when the footsteps of hurrying multitudes should be heard, as in these days, on the roads, and round about the church and cloisters, and above all, surging through the portals of Sainte-Anne ?

Troubled by this succession of prodigies, whose mysterious sense he could not understand, Nicolazic returned to his barn, and there, before throwing himself down on his bed of straw, he begged of God to have pity on him, and not to allow him to be deceived by the demon, since his sole desire was to obey His Divine will.

He again took his rosary, when suddenly the barn was filled with a great light, and "a voice asked him if he had not heard it said that, long ago, there was a chapel in the Bocenno ; then before he could reply, the Majestic Lady appeared in the midst of the light. It was the same brightness, the same garments, the same sweetness. Nicolazic trembled as he gazed at her. But the hour of revelation had come. Casting on him one of those looks which belong not to this earth, the celestial vision addressed him thus :

"Yves Nicolazic, fear not :

"I AM ANNE, THE MOTHER OF MARY.

"Tell your Rector that, in the portion of land called the Bocenno, there was formerly, even before there was any village, a chapel dedicated in my name. It was the first in the country ; it is nine hundred and twenty-four years and six months since it was ruined. I wish it to be rebuilt as soon as possible, and I desire that you have the care of it. God wills that I shall be honoured there."

When she had said these words, the Lady disappeared along with the brightness which surrounded her. Nicolazic was once more alone in his barn, confused and dazzled by what he had heard and seen. "His soul, however, which had been touched by the supernatural, was filled with ineffable joy. He felt a

redoubled love for his *good mistress*, whose desire it was to be honoured by his means, and fell asleep in peace, relying upon her to aid him in the accomplishment of the great things she had commanded."

After this moment of supernatural joy, human weakness took possession of the soul of Nicolazic. He was terrified at the thought that he had been chosen to carry out the designs of God. Who would believe him? Who would help him? Where could he find the money to build a chapel? He would be looked upon as a fool, as one puffed up with pride and self-conceit; in fine, as a man who had taken leave of his senses. And is it not so in this world of ours? Is not the man or woman whose soul is filled with the burning love of God looked down upon, alas! too often, with scorn and contempt? Is not divine enthusiasm treated as folly? Is such a one not exposed to the disparaging remarks of those whose vulgar minds can see no higher ends than their own base aims? Yes, so it has ever been, so it ever will be; for the God who made us makes His chosen ones pass through the fiery ordeal of suffering in order that they may be strong to do His work; in order that they may acquire the true knowledge that all is vanity except to do His will and to trust in Him alone; for is it not seen every day, that when success has crowned the work, the world is just as ready to exalt a successful man, as it was before to trample him down?

So it was with Nicolazic. Agitated, troubled, now hoping, now fearing, he fled from his companions and sought only to be alone, for he felt that he would be misunderstood, and he dreaded to reveal what had happened to him. Six weeks passed away in this state of mingled hope and fear, when St. Anne appeared to him again and spoke thus:

"Fear not, my Nicolazic, do not be troubled; go and tell your Rector in confession what you have seen and heard, and delay no longer in obeying me. Consult also some worthy man in order to have advice on the means of acting."

After these words Nicolazic no longer hesitated, but set off the next day to speak to his Rector.

The Church of Sainte-Anne is situated in the parish of Pluneret, a small "bourg" or village about halfway between Auray and Sainte-Anne d'Auray. It was to the Rector, or parish priest of this place, that Nicolazic was to address himself. This Rector, "Messire" Sylvestre Rodiez, was by nature loyal

and frank, but rude in manner when what seemed to him superstition was in question. Here the Abbé Nicol remarks : "When Heaven desires to give birth to a miraculous devotion, such men as this are useful in God's designs ; their rough frankness is a hindrance to the inconsiderate movements of the multitude ; their resistance places the wisdom of the Church in a clearer light, until the Divine will being manifested by prodigies judicially proved, they joyfully acknowledge the manifestations which they had seemed before to fight against."

Addressing himself to one of this stamp, the confidences of Nicolazic were treated as a dream. He was accused of weak-mindedness, forbidden to indulge in such foolish reveries, and sent away with harshness.

Saddened by such reproaches, but still relying on his "Good Mistress," Nicolazic received Holy Communion, and then returned quietly to Keranna.

The night following, St. Anne again appeared to him and consoled him in these words :

"Do not mind, Nicolazic, what men say ; do what I have told you, and rely upon me for the rest."

Nicolazic was comforted. He determined to set to work without delay, but fear again took possession of his soul, and all kinds of difficulties and obstacles presented themselves to his mind. So he allowed seven weeks to pass in hesitation. He had need of the Saint to come again to raise his courage. She came, not with reproaches, but with affectionate mildness, and said to him :

"Be comforted, Nicolazic, the hour approaches in which what I have told you will be accomplished."

Then the good peasant ventured to address her. He spoke of his difficulties, of the reproaches of his Rector, of his want of means to build a chapel, although he would gladly give all he had for the purpose, and of the doubt that would be thrown on his word if he spoke of a chapel having existed where he had never even seen a vestige of one. The Saint replied to this : "Be not troubled, my Nicolazic ; I will give you what will begin the work, and nothing shall ever be wanting for the building, nor for doing other things which will astonish the world."

This new assurance of success filled the mind of Nicolazic with unshaken confidence, and he determined to think henceforth only of accomplishing the designs of God. New prodigies soon confirmed the truth of what he had related. One moon-



light night, towards the end of the summer, he saw quite a shower of stars fall from the sky over the field of the Bocenno. Other persons also were witnesses of these wonderful things. At the same time, three persons from Pluvigner (a small town at a short distance from Sainte-Anne d'Auray) were returning home from the market at Auray, at about nine o'clock at night, when they saw in the same place the figure of a woman of majestic appearance come down from the sky. She was clothed in white, and surrounded by a brilliant halo: near her were two lighted flambeaux. Afterwards, when crowds came flocking to the new sanctuary, many wonderful things happened which increased the fervour of the pilgrims. Some, surprised by the night coming on at a league from Keranna, invoked the Saint, when a soft light shone around them and showed them the way to their homes.

Until now it was the soul of Nicolazic only which was being prepared for the work he had to do. But for the incredulous, material proofs were necessary to confirm the words of the chosen instrument. So far as he was concerned, he had become another man. Often, at night, in the field of the Bocenno, he was favoured by hearing angelic concerts, which made him forget all earthly things, and plunged his soul into heavenly ecstasy.

On the first Monday in March, 1625, he was favoured with one of these ecstasies, and St. Anne appeared to him. After having reproached him with his delay in executing her orders, she told him to go again to the Rector of Pluneret, and to tell him from her, that she desired to have a chapel built in her honour on the spot where one had formerly stood, even before the village itself existed. She added that in future he and others should have sure indications which would make them believe in the truth of what Nicolazic had seen and heard. A light from Heaven would point out the place in the field where the ancient statue in her honour would be found. He was enjoined also to speak to some good people on the subject.

When the vision had disappeared, Nicolazic returned to his cottage, thinking he had only been absent for half an hour, and when he was questioned why he had stayed away so long—for three hours had elapsed—he did not reply, but retired to his room. Afterwards, in speaking of this celestial vision, he used to shed tears of joy.

The next morning, the 4th of March, he set off with all haste to see the Rector, but this time he took with him a neighbour, named Lézulit. Messire Rodüez received him quite as roughly as before. "Until now," said he, "you have passed for a man of wisdom; you do very wrong in allowing your imagination to run wild on such ridiculous and foolish notions." Then adding threats to reproaches, he continued: "If you go on believing in such things, I will not allow you to enter the church, and I will forbid you the use of the sacraments; and if you come to die in this state, you shall not be buried in consecrated ground. You are injuring your family, who will be suspected of insanity like you. Revelations are not made to people of your condition, but to learned and holy persons. Talk to me no more of a chapel: there are already too many in the parish. I will never consent to it."

The humble Nicolazic did not reply one single word. On his way back to the village he met with a gentleman named De Kermadio, a man of good sense and great prudence, and who had a particular regard and esteem for him. After hearing how he had been favoured by St. Anne, and the way in which he had been treated by his Rector, this gentleman encouraged him, told him to persevere in what he was doing, and quitted him much edified by his constancy and simplicity.

Two days afterwards, Nicolazic went to see M. de Kermadio, accompanied by a priest named Dom Yves Richard—*son bon amy*—who had advised him to do so.

Nicolazic gave a detailed account of his revelations and asked M. de Kermadio's advice, saying that Ste. Anne had commanded him to speak to some worthy people in order to have their counsels. M. de Kermadio replied that he acted wisely by so doing, but that he himself was not versed in spiritual matters; so he advised Nicolazic to consult some religious, and if any further manifestations occurred, to call his neighbours in order to have their testimony. For the rest, he exhorted him to persevere in prayer, and not to be discouraged by the rebuffs of his rector, nor the obstacles he might yet find in his way.

The château or manor of Kermadio still exists. It is situated on the left bank of the Auray river, not far from the railway station of Sainte-Anne and the Church of Pluneret. It is now inhabited by a family named Fresneau, to whom it has come by purchase from the descendants of the above-named M. de Kermadio. M. Fresneau is one of the *Sénateurs* of the Départe-

ment du Morbihan. His wife is sister to the late blind Bishop, Mgr. de Ségur, of saintly memory, who died in 1881, and who is interred in the cemetery of Pluneret. Suspended on the railings which enclose the place of sepulture of Monseigneur and his mother, one may see a large number of small bags filled with earth. This earth, we are told, had been in the first place taken from around the tomb by the people, who held him in so great veneration that they make use of it in cases of disease, wearing it on the chest or other part affected. The earth enclosed in these little bags thus suspended on the railings, is what has been so used and has been brought back when the illness, we presume, has passed away. On the tombstone which covers the remains of the deceased Bishop, may also often be seen a great quantity of pins thrown on it, as it were, at hap-hazard, for they are scattered about in all directions. Why these pins are there, we have never yet been able to find out, although we have tried in several quarters to get at the explanation. We are rather inclined to think that they are in some mysterious way connected with the matrimonial designs or intentions of the young Breton peasant girls, but the Bretons are of so reserved and cautious a disposition that they will not admit comparative strangers, and above all foreigners, into their confidence, so the affair of the pins will ever, we fear, remain a mystery to us.

To the advice of M. de Kermadio, St. Anne deigned to add her encouragements. She exhorted Nicolazic to undertake the building of the chapel himself, assuring him that nothing should be wanting, exciting him to confidence, but saying that he must not delay as he had hitherto done.

Although Nicolazic felt great confidence, still he felt also that alone, he could not overcome all the difficulties of the work, so he replied with a respectful boldness which showed the simplicity of his soul: "Do then work some miracle, my good Mistress, in order that all the world may know what you desire. "Go," said the Saint; "rely upon God and upon me: you shall soon see miracles in abundance, and the multitudes which will come to honour me in this place will be the greatest miracle of all." Words amply verified in these our days as well as in the time of Nicolazic, and indeed ever since up to now!

Again strengthened in his confidence, Nicolazic determined to mortgage or even to sell all he possessed in order to find the first means necessary. The next morning, the 7th of March, the

wife of Nicolazic on rising saw *douze quarts d'écus*—twelve quarter crown pieces—arranged three by three on a table, where, shortly before, the mysterious flambeau had appeared. Much surprised, for she knew they had no money in the house, she carried them to her husband, who was asleep in an adjoining room.<sup>1</sup>

Nicolazic understood at once that this was the accomplishment of the promise of St. Anne, and thanked God. He rose from his bed in haste, sent for his friend Lézulit, and set off with him to Pluneret to show the rector the miraculous money which he had wrapped up carefully in a white handkerchief. The rector was not at home, but they found his *vicair*e, who received them very roughly. Following in the footsteps of his rector, he blamed Nicolazic for his folly in believing in such idle visions, and taxed him with having himself placed the money where it had been found. For all that, he proposed going with him to Auray to consult the Franciscan Fathers. Another priest, Dom Julien Morhan, went with them. In passing through Auray, they met with the proprietor of the Bocenno. Nicolazic showed him the pieces of money and this gentleman took two of them, *par dévotion*, promising, if they did build the chapel, to give the site.

Arrived at the Convent of the Capuchins, Nicolazic told them all that had happened to him in the last three years. The doubts of the good Fathers were partly removed by his simple recital, still they hesitated in advising a chapel to be built which might be abandoned like so many others had been. As to the apparitions, they said, they would require a rigid examination. Nicolazic was much grieved at this decision, which seemed to forbid him to hope, nevertheless, he determined to await in silence for further manifestations on the part of St. Anne.

On the evening of that same day, Nicolazic, worn out by the emotions he had gone through, retired to rest early. Here we follow the narrative of the Abbé Nicol :

"Towards eleven o'clock, he saw all at once a great brilliancy which filled his room ; and again on the table the mysterious

<sup>1</sup> "These pieces, says the Père Hugues, were some of the coinage of Paris of the year 1623, others of 1625, and the rest of different coinages. Five persons, amongst whom were the Bishop of Vannes and the Seneschal of Auray, appear to have had one each. Long afterwards, Madame de Kermadio gave hers to the Carmelites, who preserved it in the treasure of the convent enshrined in crystal. The others were used in paying the workmen, when the foundations of the chapel were laid."

flambeau burned with a distinct light in the midst of this splendid illumination. No longer afraid, he raised his eyes. St. Anne was there: she looked at him with a regard full of sweetness, and in a voice of great tenderness she spoke to him thus: "Yves Nicolazic, call your neighbours, as you have been advised to do; bring them with you to the place whither the flambeau will conduct you. There you will find the statue which will cause the scoffing of the world to cease, and the truth of what I have promised you will at last be acknowledged."

St. Anne then disappeared, but the flambeau continued to shine. The desired moment had come. No more hesitations, no more fears, but a happiness without alloy filled the soul of Nicolazic, and made him forget all his trials. He rose in haste and went out. The flambeau went before him. Thinking only of obeying, he rapidly crossed the piece of ground near to his house, when, recollecting the words of the Saint that he must have witnesses, he returned, called his brother-in-law, Le Roux, and they went together to get four of their neighbours to join them.

All was quiet in the village; the peasants, fatigued with the labours of the day were buried in sleep, little thinking of the wonderful scene so soon to be acted near them. In the field to which Nicolazic had hastened, the flambeau was still burning.

"Do you see it?" said he to his companions. They did see it. Then in a voice of ineffable joy he cried out: "Come, my friends, whither God and St. Anne will lead us!" Tradition has it that the house of the pious peasant was situated on the east side of Keranna, on the small *Place* now crossed by the road from Vannes. Nor far from the house was a path which led from the village to the fountain in going along the field of the Bocenno.

Nicolazic and his friends followed this path, lighted by the flambeau which preceded them. Full of hope, they arrived opposite the Bocenno, when the light suddenly stopped at one corner of the field. Over this spot it rose and fell three times, *comme pour le leur faire remarquer*, and then disappeared.

This new prodigy filled them with astonishment, but Nicolazic did not hesitate. He rushed forward to the spot where the light had appeared to descend into the earth. Nothing strange was to be seen; nothing but the green herb met his gaze. Without delay, Nicolazic called his brother-in-law; five or six blows were struck on the soil when a kind of dull sound was heard as if wood were underneath. Turning to his companions,

he then said: "Let one of you go quickly to the village for some lighted embers and a blessed candle of the *Chandeleur*." A few minutes later on, the candle was lighted; all set eagerly to work, and very soon the wood of the ancient statue appeared before their eyes.

The statue was about three feet in length. Although much injured by the humidity of the soil, it still preserved some of the white and blue with which the pious hand of the artist of the seventh century had adorned it; the folds of the robe stood out clear and distinct from the blackened wood; the extremities alone were worm-eaten.

This statue was not a work of art, but it was sufficient to recall to the minds of the good peasants the devotion of their ancestors towards St. Anne, and enough to verify the revelations made to Nicolazic. So they took it respectfully out of the earth; contemplated it long and earnestly, and then set it up against the hedge, and retired to their homes full of joy and confidence to await what the future might bring.

Nicolazic was happy. In the morning he went with Lézulit to contemplate the statue, and afterwards they proceeded again to Pluneret to see the rector. All they told was received as before.

"What good is a lump of wood found in the earth? What do these pieces of money you bring me signify? It is either a story you have invented through hypocrisy, or it is a snare of the devil to ruin and destroy you."

With his usual humility Nicolazic did not reply, but he knew well that the apparitions were real, for he had proofs that they were so; however, as St. Anne had told him to consult his rector, he had done it; in the words of the Père Hugues de St. François: "Ne voulant rien entreprendre sans les ordres établis dans l'Eglise, pour autoriser les desseins qu'il scavoit estre de Dieu."

*En passant*, we take the opportunity of informing the reader that the opening of the Pardon, as it is called, of St. Anne takes place on the 7th of March, during which night the miraculous statue was discovered. This fête draws many pilgrims, and justly so; it is styled with reason, "The Manifestation of St. Anne."

After this fresh humiliation on the part of his rector, Nicolazic went to M. de Kerloguen, the gentleman who had promised to give the site of the chapel. This worthy man was touched by his recital, and sent for two of the Capuchin Fathers. They



interrogated Nicolazic with great kindness, but kept to their first decision. The poor peasants were returning home in great grief, when in passing through the field of the Bocenno, they found there two other Capuchin priests and Dom Yves Richard, accompanied by the Chaplain of the Fleet. They had come to see the statue.

"These," says the Abbé Nicol, "were the first pilgrims."

A few days afterwards, towards evening, the statue appeared surrounded by an extraordinary light, and the same sound as of a passing multitude was heard like to that which had so much astonished Nicolazic some time before. The next day pilgrims arrived from all sides. The report of the wonderful things which had happened had spread far and wide, and the people came in crowds to kneel and pray on the blessed soil where St. Anne had appeared. At the sight of so many people, one of the men who had been present at the finding of the statue, brought a stool and put a plate upon it to receive the offerings which the generous pilgrims had laid at the feet of the statue. This popular manifestation greatly displeased the rector of Pluneret. He sent his *vicaire* to put a stop to the proceedings. This he did with his usual energy.

Here we follow the example of the Abbé Nicol, and quote the words of the Père Hugues de St. François: "Estant arrivé, le vicaire jetta d'abord d'un coup de pied le plat et l'escabeau par terre, dissuadant les pèlerins de la créance qu'ils avoient de tout ce qui estoit arrivé à Nicolazic, et deffendit à ceux de la parvisse qui estoient présens, d'y ajouter foy, sur peine d'excommunication, dout aucun prestre ne les absoudroit, s'ils ne se retiroient au plus tost. Le bon Nicolazic là présent ne répliqua rien et ne s'émut aucunement. Il recueillit les aumosnes jettées par terre, et les conserva avec beaucoup de fidélité."

These contradictions, however painful they were without doubt to the good peasant, did not shake his confidence; he rejoiced rather, because St. Anne was being honoured, and he no longer feared what the future might bring.

The Bishop of the diocese, that of Vannes, had not as yet interfered in what was passing. But informed particularly of all that had happened, he determined to have the affair examined into, and for that purpose he sent a doctor learned in theology, belonging to the Faculty of Paris, to question Nicolazic. The interrogation took place on the 12th of March, at the presbytery of Pluneret. Although intimidated by the presence of those who

had been so harsh to him, Nicolazic repeated to the learned theologian in a concise and simple manner all that he had so often before affirmed, and answered the questions put to him with the greatest clearness.

When all present had signed his declaration, the Bishop's envoy left for Vannes in order to inform his lordship of the result. The declaration of Nicolazic, says the Abbé Nicol, has been copied by the Carmelite Fathers; it is placed at the head of a voluminous manuscript preserved in the archives of the Pilgrimage. When the Bishop had received the account of all that had occurred, he was so touched by the recital that he resolved to interrogate Nicolazic himself, so he sent him word to meet him at the château of his brother-in-law in the neighbourhood of Keranna.

Nicolazic joyfully obeyed the call. He affirmed on oath the truth of his declaration. The Bishop raised objections and asked many details, to all of which Nicolazic gave satisfactory answers. The Bishop's brother-in-law, who was "Conseiller du Parlement de Bretagne" also interrogated him in a judicial manner, but Nicolazic came out triumphantly from all these trials.

A few days later on, another investigation took place before the Bishop and the Father Guardian of the Capuchins of Vannes. After this, his lordship told the Fathers to keep Nicolazic in their convent for a few days and to question him most carefully. This was done, but Nicolazic did not contradict himself. Still further to try him, he was sent home, but ordered to return in a fortnight. During this time supplication was made in the Convent of the Capuchins, to beg the light of the Holy Spirit on their deliberations; and several meetings of the most experienced Fathers of the Community were held for further counsels. At the end of these prayers and deliberations all came to the same conclusion. "The exemplary life of Nicolazic, his disinterestedness, since he had consented to give all he possessed in order to build the chapel; his minute account which contained nothing contrary to the Gospel, nor to the holy Canons of the Church; the name of the village which proved the truth of the ancient tradition; the predictions accomplished, the concourse of the people, who, in spite of all opposition, came to venerate the statue, all this told them that the peasant was the instrument of Heaven."

They ought then, they said, to push on the work of God, and contribute to it the utmost in their power. But from motives of prudence, they waited the result of the fresh exami-

nation they intended to make of Nicolazic before communicating their decision to the Bishop. At the end of the fortnight Nicolazic presented himself again before them, and replied to their interrogations with the same frankness and clearness as before. Still further to try him, two of the monks took him part of the way home, thinking that he might, in a familiar conversation, betray himself if he had arranged and premeditated his narrative. But, on the contrary, this new trial showed his candour and innocence still more strongly, and the Capuchins left him, rejoicing and feeling within themselves that the good peasant was near to the end he so ardently desired.

The Father Guardian and the Père Ambroise then communicated the result of their examination to the Bishop, and added that they believed it would be well to build a chapel so as to keep up the devotion of the pilgrims who flocked to Keranna from all parts.

The Bishop was greatly rejoiced at the decision arrived at, but in order to be more fully informed on the subject, he sent the two Fathers to Keranna to see for themselves what was passing, and to give him an exact report thereupon. This being made to his satisfaction, one thing only delayed his consent to the building of a chapel at Keranna. "There was no doubt that the number of pilgrims increased from day to day, that abundant offerings, carefully guarded by Nicolazic, were made, but so many other sanctuaries, built in the enthusiasm for a new devotion, had been abandoned by the people, that the Bishop before deciding wished to be assured of a sufficient provision for the Divine Offices."

This obstacle was removed by the generosity of M. de Kerloguen, whom we have already mentioned as the donor of the site of the chapel. This gentleman assured an annual income of *quinze livres à perpétuité* for one Mass to be said there a week.

On this the Bishop gave his consent for the erection of a new sanctuary, and, in the words of the Abbé Nicol: "Keranna was to become Sainte-Anne. The name will be the same, but it will have a larger meaning; for the church which will shelter the venerated statue, instead of being the chapel of a small Breton village, will become the centre of a devotion whose renown will fill the world."

## *An Episode of 1812.*

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FROM THE SPANISH OF THE REV. F. COLOMA.

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### I.

ONE of the first victims of the yellow fever in Sanlucar in the year 1820, was a poor charcoal-vender named Juan Barranga. He lived in a miserable little shop, and carried on his business in company with his comrade and partner, Juan Chanca. His body was cast into the common grave, and a few loads of earth caused both him and his memory to disappear.

Obscurity has its advantages, and to be forgotten after death is not the least of them when that wise law of Solon which prohibits the defamation of the dead is so seldom observed.

Notwithstanding his insignificance, Juan Barranga merited the honours of celebrity. Had he been born in our days, he would have become a famous economist, but as it was he remained in the humble sphere of a charcoal-vendor and—money-lender. His ungrateful country awarded him no sounding title, but his fellow-townsmen had long given him the nickname of Medio Juan, *i.e.*, "Half John," on account of his low stature and physical inferiority.

Medio Juan was quite conscious of his weakness and considered himself incomplete both in name and person, and for this reason he had conceived the idea of seeking completion in the person of his comrade, Juan Chanca, whom the neighbours called—Juan y Medio, *i.e.*, "John and a Half," because of his colossal size. Thus it was that what was wanting in the one, was made up for by what the other had in excess.

Of the two partners, Medio Juan was the intellect that plans and devises; Juan y Medio was the muscular force that overcomes obstacles and carried designs into practice. The former without going out of his shop did his best to deceive and take in every one—including his partner; the latter was always the responsible agent, and to quote him was the last argument that

Medio Juan used in his continual discussions with his customers and creditors.

But although the former had over the latter the advantage which mind has over matter, he could never make him the victim of his schemes and trickery. Medio Juan's superior astuteness was kept in check by his physical weakness, and the intellectual inferiority of Juan y Medio was made up for by the exaggerated fear of being deceived; his safeguard lay in the strength of his fists which at one blow could stun an ox.

On the night of August 25, 1812, the partners were engaged in making up their accounts. The door was secured inside by an enormous bar of iron and on the counter was a miserable little lamp.

Medio Juan, dirty and smutty, was comparing a number of greasy looking papers covered with enormous figures, murmuring the sums and totals of different little piles of coins which he kept forming from a great heap of money which he had before him. Juan y Medio, leaning on the counter with his head between his hands, watched him with a marked distrust, looking first at the figures written on the papers, then at the cunning face of his companion, and again at the coins as they were piled one upon the other.

Outside the shed a terrific thunder-storm was raging; torrents of rain fell, and the waters descending from the higher parts of the town threatened to inundate the lower, whilst the sea rising and advancing seemed like a wild beast roaring for its prey.

The little lamps burning before one or other holy image in the streets had been extinguished by the rain, the heavy clouds hid the stars in the sky, and only now and again did a vivid flash of lightning light up for a moment the silent and deserted streets.

The storm however was not the sole cause of the solitude and the silence. Marshal Soult had just raised the siege of Cadiz and the French were retiring. A detachment of the latter, quartered in the town, were to leave that night; the inhabitants, fearing lest the French might mark their departure by scenes of riot and pillage, had each closed his door, hidden his money and jewels, and prepared himself for defence. The same caution and alarm was manifest in the poorer quarters; not a light was to be seen, not a door opened, no living being appeared, one might have fancied oneself in a city of the dead.

The only sign of life that a solitary passer-by could have detected, was a feeble ray of light that escaped through the keyhole and cracks in the rickety door of the two Johns' coal-shed.

"Thirty-two dollars, thirteen reales and a few odd cents is each one's share, comrade;" at last said Medio Juan, putting his immense goose quill behind his ear. And throwing the smutty bills over to his partner, he added: "Here are the papers that prove it."

Juan y Medio caught them up, and, after looking them over on both sides, threw them on the counter again, and shaking his head, "I can't make anything out of all that," he said in a tone of suspicion.

"Well, and how can I help it if you don't understand anything else but driving donkeys, comrade?"

"Perhaps I know a little more than you think, and am clever enough to help you to square our accounts in another way," retorted Juan y Medio, looking fixedly at the other.

"Well what's your way of adding up and dividing, friend?" said Medio Juan, quailing beneath the gaze of his formidable partner; "you'll have to make it clearer than the day if you make it out clearer than I have done."

Juan y Medio placed his great sinewy hand on the heap of money and asked his comrade: "What do you call these?"

The other thinking he was making fun of him, answered sullenly: "Why, genuine coins of the realm, hard earned dollars, to be sure. What are you driving at?"

"Very well," answered his comrade; "and you, what are you?"

"I?"

"Yes, you!"

"Oh! a rogue and a cheat, I suppose!" said Medio Juan, pretending to be angry and offended at the mistrust of his companion.

"And I a rogue and a half of course," continued the other; "so just hold your tongue and listen to my way of squaring accounts. A dollar for the rogue, another for the rogue and a half. Another for the rogue, and another for the rogue and a half. Three for you, and three for me; four for you, and four for me;" he went on, making two equal heaps of money.

Medio Juan, biting his nails, watched him in silence, waiting anxiously for him to finish.



All of a sudden they were startled by a tremendous blow at the door, which made its boards creak and shake.

Medio Juan gave a bound in his seat, extending his hands rapidly over the two piles of money. Juan y Medio, without saying a word, or rising from his stool, caught up an old blunderbuss which stood in a corner within reach.

A few moments of complete silence, broken only by the brisk patter of the rain which fell in torrents, and then another blow, followed by one louder than the first.

Medio Juan jumped up trembling, while Juan y Medio made a step towards the door, loading his weapon at the same time. "Who goes there?" he cried in a lusty voice.

His companion caught him by the arm and whispered imploringly: "Stop, for goodness' sake, stop, comrade! or we are lost." And rapidly and silently he buried the money in the bottom of an old basket, which he immediately filled up with coal, at the same time blowing out the light on the counter.

The miserable shed would have remained in utter darkness but for the glimmer of a tiny lamp which burnt before a picture of our Lady against the wall. Medio Juan took advantage of the semi-darkness to rummage in the bottom of the basket, either impelled by his natural instinct of greed or with the intention of hiding the money better; but Juan y Medio, who never took his eyes off him, dragged him roughly away, saying: "Just you leave that basket alone, old fellow!"

"Lord bless us! don't put yourself out, sir! I was only trying to cover it up better."

At this moment a loud hum of voices was distinguishable above the noise of the rain, followed by renewed blows at the door, and then a rough angry voice, saying:

"*Eh quoi donc! Enfoncez la porte!* (Well then! Break in the door!)"

"The French!" exclaimed Medio Juan, lifting up his hands in dismay.

"The French!" repeated Juan y Medio, opening wide the door, without however letting go his hold of his partner.

## II.

A tremendous rush of wind and rain penetrated into the shed on the opening of the door, at once extinguishing the feeble light and sending Medio Juan's papers flying in all

directions. At the same time four French soldiers enveloped in great mantles and dripping with rain, burst into the shop.

"Hullo, good man, look where you're going!" cried Juan y Medio, giving a tremendous push to one of the soldiers who had stumbled over him.

The Frenchman lost his balance and fell in a sitting posture on the floor, swearing and blaspheming in his own tongue, and threatening Juan y Medio with both fists. His companions pacified him, whilst Medio Juan stood shaking like a leaf, and his partner leaning against the wall prepared to make use of his blunderbuss,

The foreigners, however, merely seemed to be examining the walls, as if seeking for some outlet; after exchanging a few words between themselves the sergeant, approaching Medio Juan, asked:

"Where are the donkeys?"

"The donkeys!" repeated the former.

"There are their ears," interposed Juan y Medio, pointing to the shadow caused by the Frenchman's helmet on the wall.

The sergeant turned his head quickly in the direction indicated, and either did not understand the malicious joke, or considered it more prudent to avoid any dangerous discussion, so turning again to Medio Juan, repeated his question: "Where are your donkeys?"

"My donkeys, your honour!" replied Medio Juan, "I have not got such a thing."

The Frenchman gave a very doubting look at him as he continued humbly:

"Believe me, your worship, by the glory of my mother! I am a poor unfortunate fellow who has nothing but these few heaps of coal to gain his bread with!"

"Just give me your donkeys," said the sergeant impatiently; "the captain wants them."

"Señor! por Maria Santissima!" cried Medio Juan. "May the lightning strike me at this very minute if I am not telling the truth."

"Get out of the way, you cowardly fool!" suddenly exclaimed Juan y Medio, giving a push to the speaker. And stepping up to the Frenchman he continued angrily:

"The donkeys are in the stable and their owner stands before you! So now what do you want?"

"Don't believe him, your honour, don't believe him!" interposed Medio Juan, in greater terror than ever. "There's no other donkey here but that man himself, who will be the ruin of me!"

"Hold your tongue, comrade, for shame if you've got any!" said the other.

Turning again to the sergeant, who was getting angry, he added:

"May I know what you please to want?"

"I want you to give me your donkeys."

"Well, and suppose I don't choose!"

"And why not?" retorted the soldier, astonished and angry at such insolence.

"Because no Frenchman shall mount my beasts, even if he were Napoleon himself!"

On hearing this the soldiers seized their arms, while Juan y Medio raised his gun ready to fire upon the first who advanced a step.

Medio Juan took refuge in a corner, crying out in anguish: "Don't be an idiot, for God's sake, comrade! Keep quiet!"

In this conjuncture of affairs a French superior officer, followed by more soldiers, approached to the door, and those inside the shed immediately lowered their arms.

The sergeant exchanged a few words in French with the newcomer, pointing to the two Johns, one of whom still kept guard with his loaded blunderbuss, while the other seeing peace restored crept out from under the counter.

The officer at once came up to Juan y Medio and in correct Spanish said very politely: "Look here, my friend; we are not come to steal your donkeys. We only want to hire them for a night to carry some barrels of gunpowder to Xeres."

"There you see now, comrade, how their Honours came with friendly intentions!" said Medio Juan, coming forward directly.

"You shall be paid well and beforehand," continued the officer, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Even if you gave me my weight in gold I would'nt help the French!" answered Juan y Medio, proudly.

"Don't take any notice of him, your honour; that man does'nt know what he's saying," said Medio Juan. "Make the bargain with me, sir, I'd take you to the end of the world."

"Well, how many donkeys are there?"

"Three, and the foal might make a fourth."

"Three are enough. You will come too of course."

"Just as your honour pleases to command."

The officer, who seemed uneasy, then gave three pieces of gold to Medio Juan, saying: "Take this at present, and let us lose no more time."

On catching sight of the gold, Juan y Medio lowered his gun and made a step forward. His partner however quickly said: "Comrade, you'll shut the door after us, eh?" At the same time giving an expressive wink towards the basket where the money was hidden.

"I shall go with you," answered the other.

"But didn't you declare just now that you wouldn't come?"

"And now I say that I will."

"Oh! you always change about," said Medio Juan, shrugging his shoulders, for he knew it was useless to argue the matter.

Just in front of the coal-shed there was a stable in which they kept the donkeys. These latter were rapidly harnessed with collars and saddle-bags, while the two coal vendors enveloped themselves in rough serge tunics which partly preserved them from the rain. Juan y Medio meanwhile had not let go his gun for a moment, nor given the least help to his companion, who with wonderful alacrity got everything ready.

"Leave that gun behind," said the officer.

"No, sir!" said Juan y Medio; "this is my wife, and where I go she goes too."

"And where are we going, your honour?" asked Medio Juan, timidly.

"To the castle," replied the officer.

The caravan set out, descending from the upper to the lower part of the town, then taking the road to the castle, which was situated on the beach, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the town.

Any one who had met that silent group of men marching slowly through the deserted streets, whom neither the thunder seemed to move nor the violence of the rain cause to quicken their steps, which they calmly accommodated to the pace of the donkeys, would have been seized with awe, such as is inspired by the mysterious and unknown.

At times, when the wind ceased to howl and the thunder to

roll, the heavy measured tread of the soldiers was heard above the noise of the rain, and produced a strange and awful effect. Now and then a window was cautiously opened, but the loud patter of the rain prevented the foreigners from hearing the curses and insults with which the occupants of the houses hailed their departure. From one of the windows a shot was fired that almost carried off the sergeant's plumed cap.

The beach presented an aspect of terrible grandeur, augmented by the awe-inspiring darkness of the night. In the direction of the sea one could distinguish enormous black masses, which at one moment lifted themselves high into the air and the next fell with terrific roaring upon the strand, and between the fearful moaning of the waves and each tremendous crash of thunder, might be distinguished at intervals the lugubrious sound of the warning bell, which serves as a signal to the poor fisherman whom necessity compels to venture forth upon the troubled waters. All at once a vivid flash of lightning illuminated this awfully sublime scene, and rendered visible the dark outline of the old castle or fort. In the outer yard was grouped the rest of the detachment of Frenchmen, keeping watch over six barrels carefully covered with straw matting. The soldiers helped Medio Juan to load each of the donkeys with two of these mysterious barrels, which they fastened with strong ropes. Juan y Medio, leaning on his blunderbuss, looked on without offering the least assistance.

Suddenly, while raising with difficulty one of the barrels from the ground, Medio Juan exchanged a rapid glance with his partner and whispered, "They are as heavy as if they were full of gold."

"Perhaps they are," replied Juan y Medio, without moving from his place.

"*Allons! la nuit s'en va!* (Now then! The night is advancing)," said an old officer, to whom every one rendered prompt obedience.

The French at last abandoned the castle, directing their steps towards a thick pine forest which began at the other end of the beach. The two officers on horseback brought up the rear, frequently looking behind them as if expecting something to happen. All at once a frightful detonation, which the echo of the waves prolonged, was heard in the distance: the fugitives halted in terror, and looking back towards the fort saw its haughty tower that seemed to defy the heavens and those

mighty walls which had resisted the sea, rise into the air and then fall into the midst of an immense furnace of flames.

The storm seemed for a moment to stay its fury as though in amazement that man should destroy that what which it respected.

With a diabolic laugh the old officer cried : "*Allons ! C'est la France qui vous dit adieu !* (Bravo ! France bids you farewell !)"

### III.

It was the intention of the French to join the division of Marshal Soult before daybreak, when he was expected to be at Xeres; for this purpose they took a by-path which Medio Juan, who knew every inch of the country, declared would save them a good league of the journey. This was not the reason, however, which had induced Medio Juan to take that path. The crafty fellow well understood that the carefully guarded barrels contained gold, and not gunpowder; and his natural greed—drawn towards the treasure with that irresistible force of the loadstone towards the steel—had rapidly devised a scheme for getting the whole or part of it into his possession.

He determined for the present to lead them by the aforesaid path, which was in reality more rugged and winding than the high-road, in order that the very difficulty of the march might allow him time to think out his project. Juan y Medio also shared the suspicions and desires of his comrade; but incapable of carrying out any undertaking except by brute force he placed all his hope in the astuteness of his companion, relying on his superior inventiveness.

For two hours the detachment marched on, spite of the heavy rain and the deep mud. The two partners walked in the middle leading the donkeys and surrounded by the soldiers, who notwithstanding the darkness kept close watch upon them. But the very difficulties of the road obliged an occasional variation of this order, and Medio Juan seized these opportunities to exchange a few hasty words to his comrade.

Suddenly, and in a low voice, he asked : "Have you got a knife with you, comrade?"

"What do you want it for?" answered Juan y Medio, diffidently as usual.

"What for? Perhaps it's to shave myself with," replied



Medio Juan, repressing his anger. "Give me a knife and two of these barrels are ours."

Juan y Medio drew out a knife and passed it quietly to his companion. The latter slackened his pace until he was beside the last donkey, then followed in silence. The rain had ceased, and a high wind dispersing the clouds, a star or two appeared. Medio Juan began to sing, at first in an undertone and gradually louder, a few verses of an Andalusian ditty. In the meanwhile he slyly unfastened the bridle of the donkey, fastened one end to the animal's fore-foot, and taking the other in his hand he moved closer to Juan y Medio.

"Take hold of this rope, comrade," he whispered. "In ten minutes we shall reach Salado. When I begin to sing again give it a hard pull and make the donkey fall, then walk on without seeming to notice it. Be on the alert and don't flinch, *por Maria Santissima!* Give a good jerk to the rope just when I take up the next verse of my song, and if I don't take it up you keep quiet. Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered Juan y Medio, "I'm ready."

"Well, keep on the alert, old fellow, and don't blunder. See if we are not a match for French powder!"

A few moments later he jumped upon the donkey as though he were tired of walking and quietly began cutting the strong cords which fastened the barrels to the creature's body. Just then the sound of a rushing torrent was distinctly audible and they found themselves in presence of a stream—the Salado—swollen by the heavy rain, yet at that spot just fordable, the water not reaching above a man's knees.

Medio Juan, mounted on the donkey, kept humming the air of his song without in the least attracting the attention of the Frenchmen, who were well acquainted with the customs of the Andalusian peasantry. He had made his calculations with such precision that he had just finished cutting the cords as the last donkey entered the stream. All at once he began singing aloud the second verse of his song, and at the last words Juan y Medio gave a sudden pull at the rope. Down fell the donkey, and the barrels slipped off into the water without noise, their weight preventing them from being borne on by the current. At the same instant Medio Juan dug his knife into the sides of the animal which, released from its load, immediately struggled up, dragging his owner to the other side of the stream.

The manœuvre was so rapidly and dexterously executed that the French soldiers had passed through the stream and continued their route without noticing that one of the donkeys was walking on bereft of his load.

Medio Juan began swearing and grumbling at the cold bath the fall of the animal had obliged him to take, the soldiers laughing at his curses, and not in the least astonished that his bad temper should have cut short his singing.

For nearly half an hour the procession marched on ; then they reached a narrow lane, flanked on either side by a thick hedge of cactus and aloe plants, which Medio Juan assured them would bring them very soon into the high-road again, at about an hour's distance from Xeres. There the Frenchmen intended to wait until daybreak for the arrival of Marshal Soult's column.

On entering the lane the two charcoal-vendors exchanged a few rapid words. This lane was rather long and so narrow that the two thick hedges almost joined at the top, forming an archway of sharp, thorny leaves. In order to avoid these, the soldiers were forced to grope along the middle, one behind the other, and guided by the sound of the donkeys' bells.

Medio Juan kept as close as possible to the left, avoiding the thorns, but at the same time appearing to feel for something in the hedge with a stick he carried in his hand. Immediately behind followed his companion.

All of a sudden the two Juans disappeared into the hedge as though the earth had swallowed them up : they had slipped through a little gateway known only to them, and were in the midst of a small vineyard. It was a moment of supreme danger ; for ten minutes or more they remained motionless, holding their breath, Juan y Medio clutching his blunderbuss, and Medio Juan hiding himself behind the broad shoulders of his partner. At last the echo of footsteps and the tingling of bells died away, the whole detachment had passed through the lane without noticing the disappearance of the charcoal-vendors. Then Medio Juan jumped up with an exclamation of relief, and said : "Comrade, take to your heels, if you don't want the Frenchmen to shoot you !" And the two rushed across the vineyard without stopping to look back. In about half an hour they were back at the ford, and began groping in the water to find the two precious barrels which, as Medio Juan had foreseen, had by their weight resisted the force of the

current. They rolled them with great difficulty to a ruined hut a stone's throw from the stream, and hid them in a cavity in which tramps and smugglers often made fires; they had repeatedly done so themselves.

The two partners then separated; Juan y Medio remaining to watch the hidden treasure, while Medio Juan returned to Sanlucar to ascertain whether the French had all left, and to return on the following night with their remaining donkey in order to transport thither the mysterious treasure.

As Medio Juan was departing, the other caught him by the arm, and cried: "Partner, if you touch that heap of money in the coal basket, I'll break your neck, mind that!"

"Oh! you are bursting with suspicion and jealousy!" replied Medio Juan, offended. "Don't you fear, old fellow! The donkey doesn't gnaw at the manger when they give him oats."

Juan y Medio sat himself down beside the hiding-place while his comrade set off with an alacrity surprising in one of his rickety constitution, towards the town. Presently he was heard singing in the distance:

The French they came by land,  
The French they came by sea,  
The French they carried off the sand:  
Ah! ah! what fun for me!

#### IV.

When Medio Juan reached Sanlucar the day was well advanced; in the streets there was a good deal of excitement, the people rejoicing over the withdrawal of the French troops. They had despatched messengers in various directions to find out if the departure of their unwelcome guests was final, preparing themselves for defence in the meantime, in case of a return of the invaders. Medio Juan took good care not to say a word of what he knew, and walked quietly on towards his little shop. This consisted of a large shed chiefly occupied by heaps of charcoal which were destined for sale among his daily customers; on the opposite side was a grimy old counter with a few false coins nailed upon its surface, and a large pair of scales, the balance of which was certainly not that of justice. Stuck to the wall at the further end, and begrimed with the dust of the charcoal, was a picture of Our Lady of Carmel,

before which hung a primitive lamp that burnt day and night. Over the counter hung a dirty card with the significant notice : "No credit given here."

The first action of Medio Juan on entering his domicile was to examine the basket in which he had so hurriedly hidden the money the night before. He found it intact, and either from fear of the threat of his partner, or because the rich treasure which had come into his possession fully satisfied his greed, he left it thus, merely hiding the basket under the counter. He then rubbed his hands in delight, and relit the lamp which hung before the picture. After this he visited the solitary donkey, which saluted him with a melancholy bray. Medio Juan gave it a good ration of hay and oats to prepare it for the nocturnal journey, and then returned to the shop to rest in the interval. He could not, however, keep quiet long ; a feverish agitation made him move from one spot to another, spite of the fatigue of the preceding night ; and so distracted was he by the fear of the French returning that he actually weighed without cheating a pound of charcoal that an old woman came to buy.

About four in the afternoon the news came that the French had joined Marshal Soult's column at Xeres, and had continued their march to Seville without resting. Nobody, however, mentioned the adventure of the two coal-vendors ; nor was it ever known how and where the French detachment had become aware of the flight of the former, and of the robbery they had perpetrated.

Medio Juan breathed more freely, and no longer able to refrain his impatience, he got ready the donkey without further delay, and set out for the old ruin on the banks of the Salado.

The two men without great difficulty soon loaded the beast with the plunder, and by midnight had returned to the shop.

At last they were in safety and alone, and able to examine, and call their own, those mysterious barrels in which they expected to find little less than the mines of California. Medio Juan trembled like a leaf, spilling the oil out of the lamp with which he lighted his companion. The latter, with one blow of an axe, broke open the top of the first barrel. Medio Juan opened his eyes wide to see the heaps of gold coins that he expected—nothing was visible but a layer of sand. Juan y Medio broke out into curses.

"How now! comrade! How now!" cried Medio Juan in anguish; "sand from the sea! nothing but sand from the sea! As if they hadn't got the same in France!"

Juan y Medio plunged his hand into the barrel, and struck against something hard, he pulled it out, and lo! the silver cross of a ciborium, then the gold cup of a chalice...

"Lord Jesus!" exclaimed Juan y Medio, starting back in terror.

Medio Juan became pale as a ghost, and lifting his hands to his head, murmured: "We've done it now, comrade! Now we've done it!"

Juan y Medio seized the barrel, and with one vigorous shake emptied the contents on the floor. There fell out among a quantity of sand a number of gold and silver chalices, beautiful ciboriums and reliquaries enriched with precious stones and pearls. Medio Juan stooped down to pick up one of the chalices.

"Don't you touch that, comrade! Don't touch that with your dirty hands, or they will wither up!" exclaimed Juan y Medio in terror.

They then opened the other barrel, that also was filled with rich church plate stolen by the French from cathedrals and churches.

Juan y Medio sat himself upon the counter without uttering a word, while Medio Juan let himself fall on the heap of charcoal, groaning and sighing.

"We've done it now, partner! we've done it now!" he repeated. "Three donkeys thrown away! Two nights of fatigue, and a pain in my back so that I can't bend it, with that cursed bath in the Salado!"

Not for a moment did it enter the minds of those scoundrels to appropriate the rich treasure that belonged to the Church. So great was the respect for sacred things at that period, that not even the most depraved would have stolen, or even touched them. The word "sacrilege" had such an influence upon the avarice of these two thieves that, angry as they were at their disappointed hopes, their losses and fatigue, they dared not, nevertheless, recompense themselves by keeping even the least part.

Juan y Medio kicked furiously against the boards of the counter. "And what are we going to do now!" he asked suddenly.

"Why, look out for a tree, and hang ourselves," replied Medio Juan, sighing.

"But where are we to take all that?"

"How should I know? Go and call a dozen acolytes, and let them come and fetch it away."

"But can't you see," exclaimed Juan y Medio, "that if we get into the hands of the police we shall find ourselves in a worse plight!" and he jumped off the counter in a rage.

"Don't be a fool, comrade! No one has been hanged yet for giving back what didn't belong to him. To-morrow we will tell the parish priest, and then do what his reverence orders."

This the two partners decided upon, never daring to lay a finger upon that which is the Church's treasure.

The parish priest determined to acquaint the Bishop, and two days afterwards the latter was in possession of the plate. The two Juans received a sufficient compensation for the loss of their donkeys and for the fatigue they had undergone.

"And what sort of men are those?" inquired the Bishop of the priest.

"They are two fellows of bad repute who, under cover of charcoal selling, lend money at an exorbitant interest."

The Bishop crossed his hands in admiration. "Blessed be God!" he cried, "and blessed be the land where even the worst men thus respect holy things! As long as this feeling prevails among our people we need not fear that the revolution which has disgraced France, will triumph in our beloved country!"

Yet half a century later the revolution had broken out in Spain, and the banner of socialism was unfurled, property threatened, and society shaken to its foundations. We will hope through God's mercy that those evil days are over, though their traces will long remain.



## Reviews.

### I.—ST. THOMAS AND PREDESTINATION.<sup>1</sup>

OF all thorny questions there is none more thorny than that of Predestination, and none that has been more fiercely discussed by Catholic theologians. Is predestination *ante prævisa merita*, or *post prævisa merita*?—i.e., does God first predestine a man to eternal life and then so arrange his career that he shall by his own free will carry out the Divine decree, or is God's decree subsequent to and dependent on the use which God foresees that he will make of his free will? Here is the moot point which has been debated since the days of St. Thomas, and will be debated probably to the end of the world, unless the Holy See intervenes to settle the dispute. We are not going to expose our reasons for adopting the one or other side of the question. We will simply state it as fairly as we can, and then give the view which Professor Lesserteur attributes, as we think rightly, to St. Thomas.

What do we mean by predestination? It may mean the will to raise man to the supernatural state by grace, to give him all the actual graces necessary to preserve him therein, or restore him thereto, if he have fallen away from it, and finally, if he makes a good use of the graces given him, to bestow upon him eternal life as his reward. Or it may mean the will to raise man to the supernatural state by grace, and to bring him in the end to eternal life, apart from and previously to his use of the various graces bestowed upon him. It is to the first sense that Petavius, Franzelin, and the majority of Jesuit theologians limit predestination as an absolute decree of Almighty God. On the other hand, Suarez, Gonet, Bannez, and the Thomists generally, declare that God fixes on His elect without first looking forward to the use they will make of grace. This leads to the further question: If God thus chooses a certain

<sup>1</sup> *Saint Thomas et la Prédestination.* Par E. C. Lesserteur, Ancien Professeur de Théologie. Paris: Lethielleux.

number to be saved, independently of their own conduct, what becomes of all the rest? Are they predestined to be lost? To this question two answers are given. Bannez, Gonet, and the older Thomists assert that though they are by God's decree shut out from the Kingdom of Heaven, yet they always have sufficient grace to persevere if they choose, so that it will be simply through their own fault that they will be lost. They are predestined, it is true, to be shut out from the Kingdom of Heaven, but they are not predestined to the misery of Hell. This they earn for themselves by their wilful and deliberate sin. But the more modern and moderate school of Thomists assert that their exclusion from Heaven is not directly willed by Almighty God any more than their eternal damnation, but only indirectly, inasmuch as He passes them over when He picks out His elect, leaving the rest always with full liberty and with sufficient grace to attain to Heaven, although in point of fact they will not use this grace for this end.

In opposition to all these views, the upholders of the doctrine of predestination *post prævisa merita* assert that though God knows who will be saved and who will be lost, yet this is by looking forward to the use they will make of their free will, and that He makes no decree respecting any man's salvation, except after He has thus cast His eye over the man's life, to see whether he will correspond to grace or not.

Which is the opinion of St. Thomas? The Thomists declare that he asserts again and again that predestination is gratuitous, and does not depend on our merits. This is perfectly true, says Professor Lesserteur, but what does he mean by predestination? Not, as you assert, the decree of admission to Heaven looked at in itself, and apart from all else; but the decree which includes the first supernatural grace, and all that flow from it, and partake of its gratuitous character, even though they are not gratuitous in another sense, or that they have been earned by correspondence with previous graces. All these are gratuitous *radicaliter*, that is, in their first source. In this sense predestination is *ante prævisa merita*, inasmuch as God determines apart from the merits of the individual to give him that grace that through his own cooperation with it will in the end bring him to eternal life. We must also remember that every grace is *gratuitous*, not only on account of its connection with the first grace, but also because we can deserve it only in the sense that God of His own free will and gratuitous benevolence has

provided the treasure of graces, and given us the opportunity of deserving it. Our merits make it no less gratuitous. In just the same way predestination is not the less gratuitous because God bestows it upon us *consequenter ad nostra merita*.

It is true that there are one or two passages in St. Thomas which if taken literally seem to point the other way, especially one in the *Summa*,<sup>2</sup> in which he compares predestination as the Divine act to the shooting of an arrow at a mark. But we must not press the metaphor any more than the comparison in the Athanasian Creed of the hypostatic union to that of soul and body. In the same way his words, "*Quare hos elegit ad gloriam, et illos reprobavit, non habet rationem nisi Divinam voluntatem*,"<sup>3</sup> must be understood of "*electio et reprobatio consequens*."

M. Lesserteur discusses most thoroughly and conscientiously the various passages of St. Thomas bearing on the subject, and adds a great deal of useful matter of his own on the subject of predestination. He says in the Preface that the mystery he treats is not so very terrifying after all: he certainly has done a great deal to paint it in its true colours, and teach us not to be frightened at the thought of it.

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2.—A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY GOSPELS.<sup>1</sup>

To undertake the publication in English of such a book as Maldonatus' *Commentary on the Gospels* requires a great deal of courage and perseverance, and we sincerely wish all success to the enterprising publisher who has undertaken such a work. Maldonatus is as yet but little known to English readers. Even Catholic priests turn almost as a matter of course to Cornelius à Lapide for the interpretation of any passage in the Gospels. Yet Maldonatus was a man of far more ability than à Lapide, and is far more original in his remarks and explanations, à Lapide's merit being chiefly that of a most painstaking and indefatigable compiler. Maldonatus was successful with his tongue as well as his pen, not merely as Professor of Theology and Philosophy for ten years at Paris, but also as a defender of

<sup>2</sup> *Summa*, pars 1a, q. 3, art. 1.

<sup>3</sup> St. Thos. in 2 Tim. ii.

<sup>1</sup> *A Commentary on the Holy Gospels*. By John Maldonatus. Translated and Edited from the original Latin by George J. Davie, M.A. Vol. I. (St. Matt. i.—xiv.) London: John Hodges.

the Catholic faith against the heretics, both in discussion and by the speeches he made in refutation of their errors. "John Maldonatus the Jesuit," writes Gerebrard, Archbishop of Aix, "has laid low (*prostravit*) twenty of the Calvinist ministers, first by discussion and then by declamation. For the ministers found it necessary to change the discussion into declamation, because they could not withstand the force of his syllogisms."

Although Maldonatus finished his *Commentary*, he died before he could give it its last touches (*perfecit sed non limavit*, says the Editor), a subsequent hand gives the references and certain marginal notes. This must have been a work of considerable labour, and in many passages the Editor does not seem able to discover the passages referred to. Sometimes the name merely of the author is given, sometimes of the treatise, sometimes of the book or section. It would have been well if all these had been given in detail in the English translation.

But we have more serious fault to find. In some places there are bad mistakes, and the translation is often slovenly. For instance, on the words, *Pariet autem filium*, Maldonatus remarks:

"*Τέξεται δέ. δέ videtur poni pro γὰρ enim (ut infra), et alias sæpe. Videtur enim afferri hoc ab Angelo tanquam certum signum et argumentum ad faciendam ejus, quod dixerat fidem. Eodem modo, quo dixerat Jesaias: Ecce virgo concipiet, et pariet filium, et vocabis nomen ejus Emmanuel. Perinde ac si diceret: sponsa enim tua non est adultera, sed virgo illa integerrima, de qua Jesaias dixit: Ecce virgo concipiet, et pariet filium, non filiam: quod cum videbis, non dubitabis, quin ex Spiritu Sancto conceperit.*"

It is translated as follows:

"*Τέξεται δέ. δέ* seems put for *γὰρ, pro*, for (as in xxiii. 5, and many other passages) the words appear to have been spoken by the Angel to confirm the faith of Joseph. As if he had said, 'Your wife is not the adulteress you fear, but she is that most spotless Virgin of whom Isaiah spoke (vii. 14), she shall bring forth a son, not a daughter, and when you see this, you will not doubt that He was conceived of the Holy Ghost.'"

What is the meaning of *γὰρ—pro*? We confess it is to us unintelligible. Then the phrase, *ad faciendam ejus quod dixerat fidem*, is wrongly translated, and gives the false impression that Joseph was weak in faith. Then the words, *tanquam certum*

<sup>2</sup> On i. 21, p. 39 in fol. ed.

*signum et argumentum*, are altogether omitted. In the phrase, "Your wife is not the adulteress *you fear*," the last two words are interpolated, and attribute to St. Joseph a thought that would have been abhorrent to him. The last sentence is also incorrectly translated.

But there is still worse than this on v. 19. The passage giving opinions of the Fathers respecting St. Joseph's state of mind on observing the pregnancy of Mary has a most serious omission. After quoting the two extreme views on the subject, the translator has omitted altogether the statement of Maldonatus' own opinion, and leaves the reader under the impression that the Jesuit theologian believed that St. Joseph suspected our Blessed Lady of adultery. The words omitted are these: "The opinion of the author who writes under the name of Chrysostom holds a mid place between the two just given, and so departs neither from the truth nor from Catholic piety. It is that Joseph did not believe that the Blessed Virgin had conceived by adultery, but was in doubt how or by what means she had conceived, and knowing as he did that it was not as his wife that she had conceived, wished to send her away."

How can we trust a translator who leaves out such a passage as this? We regret to say that the translator of this book cannot be trusted either as faithfully representing the original, or as correctly translating the most ordinary Latin sentence. As for his Greek, the less we say about it the better. *εὐαγγελιζειν, εὐρέθη, τῆς, μωράνθη, ἡ* (fem. of article), *φαρμακεῦς* (plural) "*Ἰησους*," are a few of the many mis-spellings and false accentuations that meet our eye as we turn over the pages. We must quote one error more—it shall be the last. Maldonatus says (c. i. 19): "It seems that the words *he would not expose her* are added exegetically by way of explanation (*apposita esse ἐξηγητικῶς expositionis loco*), as if he would say, because he was a just man, and therefore would not expose her." This is translated: "The words 'he would not expose her' are opposed *ἐξηγητικῶς* (*sic*) to saying he was a just man, and therefore would expose her." *Appositus* is translated as if *oppositus*, and the whole sentence turned into nonsense, while the Greek word is left in the middle of it to puzzle the reader still more completely!

We are sorry to have to review so unfavourably a book of which we would fain speak kindly. But it would be an injustice

alike to Maldonatus and his English readers to allow such misrepresentations of him to pass unnoticed. We may say in conclusion that the publisher has executed his part of the work well—type, paper, printing, binding, are all first-rate. We hope that he will take care to have the next volume duly revised before it is given to the public.

### 3.—ARISTOTLE AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.<sup>1</sup>

"Every one," says Coleridge in his *Table Talk*, "is by nature either an Aristotelian or a Platonist." There are in all mankind two opposite tendencies, the rational and the speculative instinct. Some men are lovers of syllogism, others of hypothesis; some find their chief happiness in solid arguments from undoubted premisses. Others in seeking to attain to regions with things hidden from human sight and to pierce the veil of the unseen. In Catholic teaching the two elements are blended, but as far as mere natural as opposed to supernatural knowledge is concerned, it favours chiefly the former. It dreads the vague hypothesis, the brilliant guess which in spite of its brilliancy is nothing but a guess after all, it teaches us that we must not go beyond our premisses and that as soon as we do, we are in peril of error, and too often of unconscious error. Hence the Catholic Church adopts as a matter of course Aristotle rather than Plato in its philosophy. This has not been the case always and in all places, or perhaps we should rather say that at one period of the history of the Church her most prominent theologians were imbued with the spirit of Platonism, and then the philosophy of Plato threatened to be dominant. The mystic tendencies of Oriental Christianity, the vague dreaminess which has always the besetting sin of the Asiatic intellect found for itself in Platonism an encouragement which was lacking in the practical common-sense matter-of-fact rationalism of the Aristotelians. The Greek Fathers looked upon Aristotle with suspicion. We do not say that they were Platonists. St. Gregory of Nazianzus,<sup>2</sup> in the passage quoted by Brother Azarias, speaks of the witchcraft of

<sup>1</sup> *Aristotle and the Christian Church*. An Essay. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1, Paternoster Square, 1888.

<sup>2</sup> Ἡ τῶν Ἀριστοτέλους τεχνῶν τὴν κακοτεχνίαν, ἢ τῆς Πλατωνικῆς εὐγλωττίας τὰ γοητεύματα (St. Greg. Naz., *Orat.* xxxii. § 25). Brother Azarias quotes here and elsewhere from Launoy, who, in spite of his erudition, is a most untrustworthy guide.



Plato's fair speech as well as of the subtleties and dangerous devices of Aristotle; but they certainly regarded Aristotle with a very different eye from that which we regard him ever since St. Thomas took him for his master and quoted him as if no other philosopher deserved the name.

It seems at first sight strange, this reverence of the greatest of Christian philosophers for the old Pagan, for a Pagan too who had no firm conviction either of the personality of God or of the immortality of the soul. The two truths that we regard as primary truths of reason were not included in the philosophical creed of the most acute of all reasoners and greatest of all ancient philosophers. Plato seems to have been helped to belief more by his mysticism than Aristotle by his rationalism. Yet Plato's arguments on the subject are not at all convincing. Aristotle's proof of the intelligence, the eternity, the unity of God is most complete. He missed the link that connects God with the universe, and the break vitiates his conception in many respects. But we cannot enter on so wide a subject as this. We must refer our readers to the pages of the little book, in which Brother Azarias has summed up with care and skill the relation of Aristotle to the Catholic Church. We think he is a little inclined to depreciate Aristotle and to put him too much in the background in the influences that formed Catholic philosophy. He rather underrates St. Thomas's devotion to him. The following passage is a good example of his style and of the position which he assigns to the heathen philosopher throughout the book:

But the philosophy that the Church has sanctioned—the philosophy of the Schools as expressed by their greatest and most representative genius, St. Thomas Aquinas—is a far different system of philosophy from that enunciated by the Stagirite. It accepts from him his methods, his definitions, his terms, whatever is conformable to the Divine teaching, and it supplements them with other truths and other conceptions of truth more in consonance with the Divine mission of the Church. It is deeply rooted in the Early Fathers and in the decrees of the Councils. The outward form is Aristotelian, but the inner spirit is that of Christianity. It is this spirit that gives it life and power and extends its influence far beyond the domain of technical language (p. 132).

We strongly recommend Brother Azarias' book to all of our readers who are interested in Catholic philosophy. It is clear, concise, and full of useful information.

4.—FRANCE.<sup>1</sup>

An outbreak of scarlatina last year in the French College at Canterbury compelled the Rector, the Rev. P. Du Lac, to dismiss the younger portion of his pupils to their several homes in France; the older boys, however, none of whom had taken the contagion, remained at school until the examinations which were approaching should be over. Father Du Lac, after crossing the Channel with the homeward bound, returned to watch with parental solicitude over those who were down with the fever, and from time to time he sent tidings of the sick to their schoolfellows. Nor when the invalids had recovered, and the vacation-time left the house empty, were the letters of the excellent Rector to his absent pupils discontinued; on the contrary, they grew more and more lengthy, and proved a source of great delight to the recipients. These epistles from the pen of one who understands and knows how to please schoolboys, are now published, and make a very entertaining volume. They are replete with information not merely of local and individual, but of general interest, written in an easy and entertaining style, sometimes grave, sometimes gay, being intended to instruct as well as to amuse, to exhort as well as to divert, to keep the "Cantorbériens" *au courant* of what went on in England, and remind them that their absence from the schoolroom was but temporary. The English, too, will find these chatty letters amusing, for who does not like to hear the impression his national customs and *fêtes* make on a foreigner, especially on one whose remarks are so well worth hearing, and who judges of all in so kindly a spirit as the writer of these pages.

In the first letter, from a racy description of the "Wild West" Exhibition of last season, Father Du Lac glides into a more serious subject, the missions of the Rocky Mountains, the most interesting, perhaps, of all foreign fields of labour. A glimpse of the Queen driving through the streets of London, suggests a short lesson of English history; the occurrence of the Jubilee celebration an admonition to pray for the monarch under whose reign the condition of Catholics has so vastly improved; this is followed by some stories illustrative of the Queen's character when a child, and of her life before her

<sup>1</sup> *France*. Par le Rev. P. Du Lac, S.J., Recteur de Saint Mary's College, à Canterbury. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1888.

accession to the throne, most of which are already familiar to her English subjects. The date, the 31st of July, at the head of another letter, naturally leads to some quotations from St. Ignatius, and exhortations to behold as he did God present in all His works. After this come extracts from the Queen's journal on the occasion of her visits to Paris, during Louis Philippe's reign, and in the time of the third empire. An account is also given of her visit to the Grande Chartreuse (taken from *THE MONTH*), and of her reception at Beaumont when the loyalty exhibited by her Catholic subjects gave her so much satisfaction. The fourth letter contains a description of a naval review, and the use of the torpedo. Thence he proceeds to speak of courage, endurance, and kindred qualities, indispensable to those who command both by sea and land, and gives his opinion as to the effect athletic sports have upon the character.

Coolness, presence of mind, all those qualities in fact which are the result of the efforts necessary to the acquirement of self-control, are created and developed in a man in proportion to the number of victories he obtains over himself. These latter, as our adversaries are well aware, depend far more upon force of character than upon mere mental power . . . In Germany, when it is a question of appointing to an ensignship a young man who has just completed his military education, the Inspector-general sends a list of questions to the officers whose business it is to look after the cadets. Of these questions the first is: Does he rise punctually every morning at the appointed hour? The Germans know that he who can conquer his body is on the high road to conquer his whole self . . .

Both the German and English nations possess, I fear, in a higher degree than we can be said to do, that sang-froid which leaves a man in the possession of all his faculties even in the moment of supremest peril; that power of struggling against fatigue and ennui which enables him to offer stubborn resistance to danger, and so to come out of it victorious . . . You ask me the reason of this? Well, after having spent seven years in England, I have formed a definite opinion that athletic sports do much towards moulding the British character . . .

When Wellington visited the cricket-field at Harrow, the school where he had himself been brought up, he exclaimed: "It is here that I conquered Napoleon!" And the Admiral who commanded the British fleet in the Crimea wrote home: Send me men who distinguished themselves on the river and in athletic sports at Oxford and Cambridge, the foremost among them will be my best officers (pp. 184—186).

The concluding letters contain less of narration and more of admonition than the earlier ones. We must not omit to

mention some excellent instructions as to the behaviour of the boys in their own homes, especially with regard to old servants and family retainers. An interesting letter from one of the boys is also given concerning the work carried on by M. de Mun in the *Cercle* of Catholic artisans, in which the boys are encouraged to participate.

In concluding this brief notice of Father Du Lac's letters, we cannot but congratulate the pupils of St. Mary's College on the kindness and thoughtful care displayed by their Rector, who continues to watch over and guide them when at a distance as well as when present with them.

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#### 5.—AN AMERICAN BOOK OF TRAVELS.<sup>1</sup>

An American priest, leaving for the first time the shores of the New World, has recorded for the benefit of his untravelled countrymen the impressions he received during a visit to Europe and the Holy Land. In the Preface he states it to have been his object to counteract the erroneous ideas due to the misrepresentations and misstatements of dishonest writers, and to give, from the point of view of an unprejudiced American, and above all of a devout Catholic, a true picture of the condition of society, the state of religion, the characteristics of the scenery in the various countries he passes through. This he does briefly, so as not to weary the reader; yet he never omits to point out the principal historical interest, whether ancient or modern, sacred or profane, which attaches to each spot he visits. And when he stays his steps for awhile in the great cities, though his lonely rambles through the streets are to himself, as he says, the pleasantest and most interesting part of his journeyings, he wisely prefers to note the general impression made on his mind, than to enter upon a detailed description of the churches and public buildings which have already been made familiar to most of us by pen or pencil.

Dublin, London, and Paris are visited in quick succession, the latter city appearing to our travellers as "the most magnificent city of Europe and the world." Thence they proceed southward through the grand and glorious scenery of France

<sup>1</sup> *A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land.* By the Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 1888.

and Italy, the devotion exhibited by the picturesque and pious peasantry being matter of special comment. The Eternal City fills every one who approaches it with wonder and admiration; and Father Fairbanks finds the "longings of a lifetime realized" as he enters the sacred precincts of St. Peter's, and kneeling at its wondrous shrines, breathed in "the broad and grand Catholicity which seems to have a living existence within its majestic walls." He deferred, however, a full examination of the monuments of Pagan and Christian Rome until he should revisit it on his return journey, and hastened on to Palestine. The sojourn of the travellers in the Holy Land, among the scenes sanctified by the footsteps of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, forms, in our opinion, the most interesting portion of the book, and from it we therefore select a passage for quotation. From Jerusalem, where Father Fairbanks enjoyed the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice both on Mount Calvary and in the Holy Sepulchre, he made many excursions to the chief places of interest in the neighbourhood. Of one of these, the spot where St. John the Baptist was born, distant about seven miles from Jerusalem, he thus writes :

Descending a steep, rocky hill, we were in Ain Kârim. Our first visitation was to the place where the Blessed Virgin hastened to meet St. Elizabeth. We left the village and passed by the Fountain of the Madonna, which the Blessed Virgin must many times have visited. It is the most beautiful and picturesque fountain that I saw in the Holy Land. A number of girls and women were around it, washing clothes in its waters as they flowed down and away. In their strange, various coloured dresses, with their dark eyes and hair, they presented a most pleasing Oriental picture not easily forgotten. We passed around and up the side of a hill, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the village. To our right was a convent, the country-house of the Sisters of Sion, and to our left a church, where once stood the house of the Visitation, probably the summer dwelling of Zacharias. Between the two is a tasty flower-garden. The church stands in the midst of the grand, solid ruins of a church built by the Crusaders. We entered, and standing directly before us was an altar with an inscription beneath it stating that it is of constant and perpetual tradition that this is the place of the *Magnificat*, the place where the Blessed Virgin and St. Elizabeth met, and where St. Elizabeth called her "blessed among women," and where the Blessed Virgin with divine rapture answered : "My soul doth magnify the Lord." We knelt and repeated the joyous and grateful words of that inspired Canticle. Oh ! how beautiful are the places that have been made holy by our Blessed Mother's feet. No wonder that a pious legend says that the roses of Jericho sprang

up in the desert wherever the Blessed Virgin placed her foot. We were shown a small cave near by, where St. John the Baptist was concealed during the slaughter of the Innocents (p. 201).

It may possibly be said that much in Father Fairbank's book will not be new to the educated class in England, but we do not hesitate to predict with confidence that it will be eagerly perused by a very large class of readers, who will find it both entertaining and instructive. The deficiency of good books of travel, written by persons who can not only look on men and things in other lands with unprejudiced eyes, but view them in the light of faith, and who can record their impressions in a truthful, simple, and pleasing manner, has been long felt in Catholic lending libraries. We, therefore, heartily thank Father Fairbanks for his very readable volume, which will prove a most valuable addition to the catalogue of our parochial libraries, both in the country and in town.

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#### 6.—RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The Catholic Truth Society has issued within the last month several of its little books, low in price but excellent in substance. Provost Northcote has compiled from Father Bridgett's *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain* a most serviceable little pamphlet on the Faith of the Early English Church<sup>1</sup> respecting the Blessed Sacrament. He begins by a short explanation of Transubstantiation, showing how it is, in accordance with God's action, revealed in Holy Scripture. Then he proceeds to prove his these. Not only do Anglo-Saxon writers use the word *Missam facere, celebrare, offerre, &c.*, but of the change that takes place after Consecration, *transfere, commutare, convertere, transformare*. They tell stories that imply Transubstantiation, use expressions that can mean nothing else, and say in so many words (Aimo, writing in 841, is the writer quoted): "We believe and faithfully confess that the substance of bread and wine, by the operation of the Divine power, is substantially converted into another substance, that is, into Flesh and Blood." The words of Ælfric often quoted by

<sup>1</sup> *The Faith of the Early English Church*, concerning the Holy Eucharist. By Very Rev. J. S. Provost Northcote. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square.



Protestants are cited, and their Catholic interpretation explained. We strongly recommend this solid contribution to the literature of the "continuity" question.

Very frequent now-a-days is the would-be reproach, "Miracles have ceased." Our newspapers, despite their correspondents in the four quarters of the globe, have no reports of them; even Catholics sometimes imbibe the idea that the age of miracles is past, that God indeed now and then works miracles to attest the glory of a Saint, or to confirm the preaching of a missionary, but that a succession of miracles neither exists or is to be expected. There are indeed few whose faith in the persistency of miracles in the Church does not need to be kept alive, none whom the perusal of the *Story of Our Lady of Lourdes*<sup>2</sup> will not excite to greater confidence in prayer. It has indeed all the qualities such histories should have; it is soberly told, yet interest is nowhere wanting; objections are fairly stated and met, and information has been sought out at first hand. The Catholic Truth Society has therefore acted with its usual prudence in publishing it.

Father Breen's "*189*" is an excellent little tract.<sup>3</sup> It describes succinctly the falsity of a Church Defence leaflet, which asserts that one hundred and eighty-nine only of the Catholic clergy refused to pass into Elizabeth's Establishment. The grain of truth, which has been distorted into this appalling lie, is that whereas 806 clergymen only out of 9,400 would take the Oath of Supremacy in the visitation of 1559, the proceedings were hurriedly stopped after 189 deprivations (243 according to Collier) had taken place. Such, in brief, is the analysis of the falsehood; for a calculation of the real numbers who admitted the Reformation, we must refer our readers to Father Breen's pages, where they will find the facts arranged in readable and very scholarly fashion.

The Catholic Truth Society has also issued another excellent "pennyworth" of tales.<sup>4</sup> It is excellently suited for girls just leaving school, and young women already exposed to the trials and temptations of life. "*The children of Mary*" is illustrative of the evils of pride; "*A Rosary Bead*" reminds us how the Mother of Mercy watches over her erring children; while the

<sup>2</sup> *Lourdes and its Miracles.* By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square.

<sup>3</sup> *189, or The Church of Old England Protests.* By the Rev. J. D. Breen. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square.

<sup>4</sup> *The Penny Library of Catholic Tales.* No. IX. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square.

third story, "A visit and its consequences," gives an instance wherein the gift of faith was given as the reward of kindness shown to Catholics.

7.—THE FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF TUIREANN.<sup>1</sup>

This legend has already been published in vol. iv. of the *Atlantis*, with a translation by the late Eugene O'Curry. It is one of a series of mythological tales relating to the inhabitants of the Sidhe or Gaelic Elysium, in which the *dramatis personæ* are all *Tuátha Dé Danann*, or these associated with personages of remote antiquity. We may observe, by way of explanation, that in the Irish ethnic traditions four successive colonies are mentioned: The *Nemedians*, *Firbolgs*, *Tuatha Dé Danann*, and the *Milesians*. The *Nemedians*, it is said, harassed by the raids of sea-rovers, the *Fomorians* of the Gaelic ethnic legend, left the island in three separate bodies, one of which took refuge in northern Europe, to reappear later in Irish tradition as the *Tuatha Dé Danann*, a mysterious race whose name has been interpreted to mean—"the tribes of Dé, of God, and of Ana, the Cybele of the Gaelic Olympus. It is probable that these supposed immigrants are only the deities of a mythological system which has yet to be unravelled.

The story opens with an anecdote which has little or no connection with the main subject. The two sons of the Gaelic Æsculapius, *Dianchécht* (*Dia na Chécht*, "the god of the [healing] powers"), restore the arm of the over-King *Nuadh*, whose name survives in *Maynooth*, and replaces the eye of his one-eyed door-keeper. After this the legend begins to correspond to its title by recounting the events leading up to the murder of *Cian* or *Conn* ("valour"), known also under other appellatives, the father of *Lugh* of the Long arm, who traces the deed to the three sons of *Tuireann*. On their pleading guilty to the charge in the presence of the over-King and his Court, *Lugh* imposes upon them, as an *eiric* or blood-fine, a series of seemingly impossible tasks, partly with the intention of compassing the death of the murderers, partly, in order to equip himself for the final conflict, then pending with the *Fomorians*, in the not wholly legendary battle of *Moytura*.

<sup>1</sup> *Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann*—"The Fate of the Children of Tuireann." Edited for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1888.

The sons of Tuireann set out on their perilous adventures, and succeed in obtaining most of the prizes coveted by Lugh, either by magical arts, or by force of arms, or by the terrors inspired by their exploits. They return ere their task is completed, and set out anew, but are at last dangerously wounded. They hasten back to obtain from Lugh the loan of the charmed trophies of their former prowess, whereby they would have recovered life and vigour. Their request is refused, so they die of their wounds, and Tuireann sinks on the lifeless remains of his three sons.

The text has been collated with the several MS. copies of the tale, and is accompanied with a fairly literal translation, annotations grammatical, historical, and topographical, and a glossary. As a mere legend, it will not, of course, add much to our historical knowledge, but it ought not to be ignored on that account, as it affords an insight into the modes of thought, the beliefs and customs of the remote past. And further, its literary excellencies, the scrupulous care wherewith it has been edited, the type and the printing of this tale, while reflecting credit on the translator and publisher, fit it to promote the patriotic aims of the Society under whose auspices it has been issued.

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8.—ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.<sup>1</sup>

Though Dr. Howley tells us that he is "a neophyte in the art of book-making," and that in publishing this volume he is sending "a maiden effort upon the ocean of historical literature," he may assure himself that no reader of his work will fail to see that he has a real story to tell, and that it has been told with the downright energy of a man who has thoroughly realized and entered into his subject. Beginning with the history of American discovery, which is well told, the story improves as it goes on. The colony of Lord Baltimore has been described in many of our histories, yet Dr. Howley's account of its fortunes will not fail to excite interest. Less well known, however, to English readers is the history of the rise of the French Power before the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, when, according to Dr. Howley, "France was the greatest European Power in the New

<sup>1</sup> *Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland.* By the Very Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D. Boston, 1888.

World," and would, he thinks, have gradually become the mistress of the whole continent, but for her own folly.

It is only once in the cycle of ages that a nation has the power of establishing her religion, her language, her laws, and her character over a large section of the human race, and no nation ever threw away such a splendid opportunity of doing this as France. Her forts, beginning at New Orleans, encircled the contracted territory of the thirteen original States, and to the north, to the shores of Baffin's Bay, the land was all her own. Her log forts are now great cities—the sees of Bishops, and the marts of commerce, the deserts and forests where her flag then waved are now the homes of great nations; but her sun is set for ever, her language is there no longer spoken. . . . Such is the state in which her parliaments, her kings, and her encyclopædists have left her. Her glory in the Western Hemisphere is departed. Forty millions may hereafter use her language as their vernacular throughout the world, whilst English will be the mother-tongue of at least two hundred millions of the human race (p. 161).

This instructive view of French colonization is quoted from Dr. Mullock's MS. history, who traces the decay of the splendid prospects of the French in America directly to the vices of Versailles, and the social quackery of Voltaire, which squandered the treasure and energies of the nation in the fruitless fooleries of the capital, while their colonies were forgotten and abandoned.

With the decline of the French Power in Newfoundland on the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and its fall on the Treaty of Paris 1763, the troubles of the infant Church began. At first it was in danger of perishing entirely, for the English merchants who ruled the colonial policy of the Government, were beset with the idea that all permanent inhabitation of the island would be injurious to their fishing rights, and tried their best to prevent settlement of any sort. When the growth of the population had practically demonstrated the futility of this policy, a Government was established which introduced the measures of persecution and suppression which were still practised in the mother country and her Protestant colonies. Some idea of these rigours may be gathered from a proclamation of the Governor, Hugh Palliser, in 1762, which enacted (p. 178):

1. Popish servants are not to be permitted to remain in any place, but where they served the previous summer.
2. No more than two Papists are allowed to live in one house, unless in the house of a Protestant.

3. No Papist to be allowed to keep a public house or sell liquors by retail.

It is not difficult to imagine how severe must have been the trials of Catholics when subjected to such vexatious bigotry; nay, some enactments, such as a proclamation that "all children born in the country are to be baptized according to law," are as evil in their malice, at least, if not in their cruelty, as anything we read of in the dark pages of our own persecutions.

How the Newfoundland Catholics have triumphed is excellently told by Dr. Howley. Here indeed he is at his best. Innumerable illustrations of the times enliven his narrative. At the end of the last century money was so plentiful, and the commodities of life so scarce, that (p. 209) "bread sold for £9 a bag, pork for £10 a barrel; tea, &c., in proportion." The source of so much wealth being the high price of fish, which "was worth 45s. a quintal" (*i.e.*, a cwt.) When the first Bishop was to be ordained, the vessel that brought out the Holy Oils from Ireland was captured by a French frigate, but was, however, re-captured, and at length the oils arrived. But there were other dangers yet before the Bishop-elect could reach the mainland to be ordained. Though Belle Isle Strait is scarce fifteen miles in breadth, Dr. O'Donel was blown out to sea for three days, and in the greatest danger from the seas and the floating ice.

These and many such illustrations of the growth of the colony and its Church, make Dr. Howley's book a very readable and interesting volume.

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### Literary Record.

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#### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

BLESSED Grignon de Montfort's *Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*<sup>1</sup> has been republished with a Preface by the Bishop of Salford, in which he defends Blessed de Montfort against the exaggeration with which he has been charged. The Bishop shows that the word *divine*, which is applied to Our Lady, is perfectly correct theologically; and in a Letter to the

<sup>1</sup> *A Treatise on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.* By the Blessed Grignon de Montfort. Translated by F. W. Faber, D.D. With Preface by the Bishop of Salford. London: Burns and Oates.

clergy of his diocese which follows the Preface, he quotes extracts from this Treatise which show how thoroughly De Montfort's teaching is in accordance with the teaching of the Church. It seems strange that De Montfort should have been attacked as extravagant. No one more carefully avoids anything approaching it; no one denounces more unsparingly presumptuous devotees of Mary who promise themselves that they will not be lost eternally simply because they say the Rosary, or fast on Saturdays, or practise some such devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The characteristics of true devotion are enumerated in contrast to false and presumptuous devotion, and among them is that it is *holy*, and "leads the soul to avoid sin." Blessed De Montfort's book is quite the standard work on devotion to Our Lady. It is more systematic than St. Alphonsus' *Glories of Mary*, and will be found a fruitful source of topics for discourses on Mary, or meditations on devotion to her, or spiritual reading day by day for her faithful clients.

We have often wished that we had more of the acts of the early martyrs published in cheap form in the vernacular. They have a classical simplicity which no modern narrative can give. The Acts of St. Cecilia<sup>2</sup> are attractive above all, not only because of the wonderful story they tell, but also because she is a favourite Saint with all of us, and especially with musicians. The name of *Cecily* is always one that sounds sweetly in our ears, and *Cecil* borrows of its sweetness. We are glad to find the enterprising Mr. Hodges publishing a translation of her Acts, which has as a guarantee of its fidelity the recommendation of Father Bowden, of the London Oratory, who writes a short preface. Our readers will be interested to know that the statue of St. Cecilia in a recumbent position in the Church of the Oratory, exactly represents the attitude in which her body was found by Cardinal Sfrondrato when her tomb was opened in 1599.

No one can ever exaggerate the value of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and in the six Sermons<sup>3</sup> that have been translated from the German of Dr. Bierbaum, we are glad to see that he speaks out plainly on this important topic and tells

<sup>2</sup> *Life and Martyrdom of St. Cecilia*. Translated from the original Acts. John Hodges, 25, Henrietta Street.

<sup>3</sup> *Six Sermons on Devotion to the Sacred Heart*. By the Rev. Ewald Bierbaum, D.D. Translated from the German by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.



us what is undoubtedly true, that it is "of all devotions the most richly blessed." The promise of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, that any one who should receive Holy Communion on the First Friday of nine successive months should thereby ensure the grace of final perseverance, is unparalleled even among the wonderful gifts of the Divine generosity. How the devotion is spreading is best shown by the establishment in almost every civilized country of a magazine which has the title and the office of being *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. These six Sermons set forth in simple telling language the history, object, and blessings of this devotion, teach us how to practise it, and point out how specially suited it is for the present day.

Not the student of theology only, but the preacher also, will find in Dr. Einig's short treatise<sup>4</sup> of one hundred and fifty pages a safe and handy guide. It is characterized by clearness, simplicity, and above all by excellent order and arrangement. Of its twenty-three theses, the first eight are concerned with the Real Presence, nine more with the Sacrament of the Eucharist as such, and the last six of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Far from any falling off being perceptible, it is precisely in the last of these three divisions of the work, that the qualities mentioned above as distinguishing the whole, are especially prominent. The twofold aspect of the Sacrifice of the Eucharist, its relative aspect on the one hand, and that which constitutes it in itself an absolute and true Sacrifice on the other, is excellently explained; and the view adopted on the latter point, that namely of De Lugo, is supported by well-chosen passages from famous theologians, and is shown to harmonize with the teaching of the Fathers of the Church. The extracts indeed from the Fathers and great theologians form a noteworthy feature in this treatise. They are short for the most part, but comprehensive; and so printed, as to be well marked off from one another as well as from the main text. Extracts too from the Councils are printed in the same way; the reader sees at a glance where they begin, where they end, and whence they are taken. This feature more than any other should recommend the book to the preacher, to whom nearly every these will supply the material for a good sermon. Very little

<sup>4</sup> *Tractatus de SS. Eucharistie mysterio*, in auditorum usum exaratus, opera Petri Einig, S. Theol. et Philos. Doctoris, ejusdem S. Theol. in Seminario Trever. Professoris.

space is devoted to the philosophical difficulties that affect the mystery of the Real Presence, so that not much help is to be looked for in this respect. We may add in conclusion that the student who is preparing for examination will find here the ordinary difficulties urged and solved in a manner that leaves little or nothing to be desired.

*The Philosopher of Rovereto*<sup>5</sup> is a vigorous and clear-sighted exposure of the errors of Rosminianism. Mr. Dering informs his readers in his Introduction that he sent it successively to *The Month* and *Dublin Review*, and that they both declined it. We feel sure that in both cases it was from no want of appreciation of its grasp of the subject or its convincing dialectic that it was not accepted, but simply because Rosminianism is neither a source of danger nor a subject of interest to English Catholics, and also because there seemed no sufficient reason for what the good Fathers of Charity, whose work in England is altogether apart from Rosminianism, would have regarded as a gratuitous attack. Mr. Dering has the happiness of seeing how perfectly his attack on Rosminianism was in accordance with the intentions of the Church. We recommend it to our readers as pointing out with great precision where it is that Rosmini's errors chiefly lie, and in what way they come into collision with Catholic teaching.

Messrs. Benziger have brought out a new volume of *Words of the Saints*.<sup>6</sup> This time the selection is from St. Vincent de Paul, a Saint who speaks with more than usual authority by reason of the boundless field of labour for souls that claims him as the master-reaper of the spiritual harvest. Sisters of Charity and Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul owe to his teaching and example their apostleship of mercy. They are all his children, and very many are the lessons they will learn if they study carefully this selection of their Father's holy words, pregnant as they are with sanctity and practical usefulness.

"It contains much sound, practical advice, given with modesty, simplicity, and directness," were the words used in this journal of Mr. Ford's former book, entitled, *Principia of Vocal Delivery*; the same words, we think, may justly be applied to the volume before us.<sup>7</sup> There are in all 128 pages,

<sup>5</sup> *The Philosopher of Rovereto*. By E. H. Dering. London: Burns and Oates,

<sup>6</sup> *A Thought from St. Vincent de Paul for Each Day of the Year*. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers, 1888.

<sup>7</sup> *The Art of Speaking and Reading*. By (Rev.) Harold Ford. Manchester: John Heywood, Deansgate and Ridgefield.

forty-two of which are devoted to chapters on such subjects as Breathing, Articulation, The Management of the Voice, the remaining pages, forming the second part of the volume, are given to a selection of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. The author advocates, with some vigour, the cause of the vowels, saying that the maxim which advises us to take care of the consonants and the vowels will take care of themselves, is like so many other maxims of an antithetic character, it sacrifices truth to the forced embodiment of a pointed antithesis. In another place he says that the vowels are the "flesh and blood of speech, without which consonants are but dry bones and void of beauty as of life," and accordingly he gives us some exercises which cannot fail to be useful to the student in acquiring the pure vowel sounds, though of course he does not neglect the consonants. All the main facts and all the important pieces of advice necessary in the training of the good reader or speaker will be found in the book.

Two beautiful half-yearly volumes of the *Ave Maria*<sup>8</sup> Magazine have lately reached us. Started originally as a local periodical, it has spread and spread until it now has readers all over the world. We are not surprised at its success, not only because its matter is excellent, the stories good, and the articles well written, but because it is devoted to the honour of our Blessed Lady, bears her name, and sets forth her praises. Many stories which originally appeared in its pages have been reprinted and collected in volumes. Two of them, *Glimpses of the Supernatural*, and *Tales for Eventide*, we can recommend from personal knowledge. We wish continued success and a still wider range to this most Christian and attractive magazine.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* gives a short account of the labours of St. Peter Claver in alleviating the physical misery of the slaves and enlightening their spiritual blindness, and expresses the hope that the appearance of this new star in the celestial firmament may cause the flame of charity to burn more brightly on earth, since the heroic example of the Saint shows what

<sup>8</sup> The *Ave Maria*, a Catholic Family Magazine, vols. xxiv. and xxv. January—December, 1887.

Christianity can do and ought to do towards mitigating the social degradation and destitution around us. The Church demands justice for the oppressed, and overflows with charity for the afflicted, but her action is hampered in the present day ; only the efforts of individuals prove that the spirit of St. Peter Claver still lives in our midst. Father Hagen contributes the first instalment of a description of the city of Washington, with its public libraries and scientific institutions ; and from Father von Hammerstein we have another article on the subject of the evil tendency of the Prussian school system, viz., the complete destruction of faith and morals. The religious instruction authorized by the State not only denies, as has been shown in a former number, the existence of dogmatic truth, but misrepresents and decries Catholic doctrine ; moreover, the text-books of history, as is proved by numerous quotations, contain the most outrageous falsifications and fabrications to be met with in ultra-Protestant literature. The poetry of Scandinavia is generally but little known, we are therefore grateful to Father Baumgartner for introducing to us the "Song of the Sun," an epic poem, possessing considerable historic interest, as being one of the earliest Christian songs of the ancient Eddas. The excellence and accuracy of Father Baumgartner's translations is too well known to need comment ; it is enough to say that he is as successful in rendering the spirit and rhythm of the Danish sagas as that of the Spanish lyrics.

The review of St. Ambrose's ecclesiastical policy and his relations with the secular power, is continued in the pages of the *Katholik*. We see how he encouraged the custom prevalent in his time of laying before the Bishops for adjudication cases not merely of a spiritual but of a secular nature, and concerning not the clergy alone but the Christian laity. St. Ambrose also frequently exercised the right appertaining to a Bishop of intercession on behalf of condemned criminals. In regard to the treatment of heathens and heretics, he was always on the side of charity and leniency, and refrained if possible from appealing to the civil power for their punishment and repression. Father Bäumer, O.S.B., concludes his interesting account of the changes through which the Divine Office has passed ; he points out the symbolism of Lauds and Vespers in the different stages of their development, and the mystic significance of the various amplifications and additions they received. In another of Dr. Kellner's contributions to the history of the Apostles, we are given the

correct date of the death of St. James the Less, viz., the 27th of December, as well as some information respecting Sergius Paulus, the Governor of Cyprus, who was converted by St. Paul, and of whose career nothing was known beyond the mention in the Acts of the Apostles until last year, when the discovery of an inscription in Rome revealed the position he held and the office he filled in that city. We must also mention a short article on the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, as used in Ethiopia, under the name of *Oratio eucharistica*, and a sketch of the cultus of the Blessed Virgin as practised in the Rhineland during the first ten centuries. The queries as to which is the most ancient image to be found in Germany, and where the first church was erected to her honour in that country, appear to be unanswered as yet.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (Nos. 909, 910) comments on the recent solution of the Rosminian question, and the sensation produced among the anti-papal party by the decree condemnatory of the propositions. The publication of this judgment is ascribed to the influence of the Jesuits, and Italian society is said by one of the leading journals to be placed between the Freemasons on the one hand, and the Pope and Jesuits on the other; he who cannot remain neutral must ally himself with one or the other. Who can fail to be reminded of the Two Standards of St. Ignatius? The *Brunomania* in Italy leads the *Civiltà* to expose the character and trace the career of the individual whom modern Italy delights to honour. Hero worship is inherent in human nature, and it is a good and generous impulse which prompts the external expression of gratitude towards those who have advanced the cause of truth and the welfare of mankind; but the sectaries of the present day love the apotheosis of evil, and as if to insult the Papacy, Bruno, the apostate, the freethinker, the libertine, is to have a monument erected in his honour. The article on political economy deals with the subject of population and its increase, and discusses the question whether it is right and advisable to impose restrictions on marriage lest the rapid multiplication of its inhabitants should bring poverty and destitution on a country. The scientific notes contain much interesting matter. First we have the history of the invention of matches, the perfection to which these simple but indispensable articles are brought, and the care taken to use such materials in their fabrication as may render them as little dangerous as possible. Then an account

of the means that have been employed to exterminate the rabbits which have become such a pest in Australia. The latest improvement on the microbes of M. Pasteur is the suggestion to infect the rabbits, by means of a microscopic parasite, with a contagious disease peculiar to the species; lastly, the description is given of the way in which photography may be employed to produce a typical portrait of some family or race. This suggestion is ingenious and amusing.

The May number of the *Études* contains an interesting article on *microbes*, the presence and action of which scientists have recently discovered and revealed. These minute and busy factors in life and death render service to man by the dissolution of lifeless vegetable and animal matter. At the same time, if physicians are right, the majority of the ills that flesh is heir to are due to them. As internal parasites, multiplying with incredible and terrific rapidity, they deprive the bodily organs of their nourishment, and by the virulent poison which they secrete, engender disease in the parts where they locate themselves. It is by their incessant activity and countless numbers that organisms of such infinitesimal proportions achieve the colossal work ascribed to them. The attention of the reader is also directed to some documents hitherto unpublished, which throw fresh light on the struggle between Napoleon the First and Pius the Seventh. The constancy and courage displayed by the illustrious Pontiff during his captivity at Savona, in resisting the efforts of the Emperor to remove the seat of the Papacy from Rome in order to make the Pope an instrument of his own aggrandizement, has been much misrepresented by inaccurate and biassed writers. Father Delaporte contributes some comments on the speeches of the Count de Mun, now published in three volumes. The utterances of this eloquent champion of the Catholic faith and of social order, could not have appeared at a more opportune moment than the present. Father de Bonniot concludes his essay on the iconography of demonical possession, and Father de Scorraile gives an account of the two Congresses, one literary, the other scientific, recently held in Paris, showing their importance and their results.







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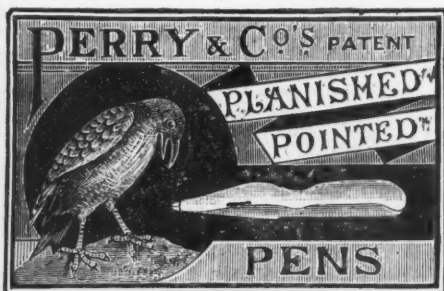
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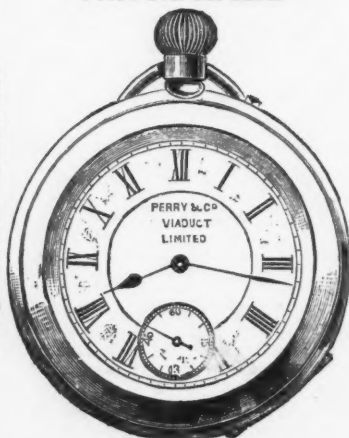
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